

PR2605

A1

1612A



**LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE**

1.25





BEN JONSON  
///



*The Alchemist*  
1612



Scalar Press 1970

PR2605

A1

16122

*Printed and Published by  
The Scolar Press Limited  
20 Main Street, Menston  
Yorkshire, England*

## NOTE

Reproduced (original size) by permission of the Curators of the Bodleian Library. Shelf-mark: Mal. 213(3). In this copy a previous owner has altered the date on the title-page to read 1609 instead of 1612.

*The Alchemist* was entered in the *Stationer's Register* on 3rd October 1610 to Walter Burre who published the first edition (reproduced here) in 1612. During Jonson's lifetime it was reprinted in his collected *Works*, 1616. The first performance seems to have taken place at the Globe Theatre by the King's Men in 1610.

The 1612 edition appears to have been set from Jonson's manuscript and it is probable that he supervised the printing. The reason for believing this is that the printed book preserves characteristic features found only in Jonson's works — his unusual use of apostrophes and his unusual scene-headings. The apostrophe is used to show elision, but it also appears between a word which ends with a vowel and a word which begins with one, e.g. "so'importunate" (B4 verso), "Do'you" (C1 recto).

At the beginning of each new scene the character whose name appears first in the list of those who are on stage takes the first speech, and this speech is never provided with a speech-prefix, eg. I, i (B3 verso) where "Captaine, I am here." is spoken by Dapper.

There have been numerous modern editions including those by C.M. Hathaway (1903), C.H. Herford and P. and E. Simpson in *Works* (1925-52), R.J. Kingsford (1928 and 1965), H. de Vocht in *Materials for the Study of the Old English Drama*, XXII, (1950), J.I. McCollum (1965), D. Brown (1966), and S. Musgrave (1968). Noel Douglas produced a facsimile edition in 1927.

*References:* STC. 14755; Greg. 303(a).





# THE ALCHEMIST.

Written  
by  
BEN. JONSON.

———*Necne, me ut miretur turba, labors:  
Contentus paucis lectoribus.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*, for *Walter Burre*,  
and are to be sold by *John Stepneth*, at the  
West-end of *Pauls*.  
1609.



# THE ALCHEMIST.

## ACT. I. SCENE. I.

FACE. SVBTLE. DOL Common.

**B** Elecu't I will. SVB. Thy worst, I fart at thee.  
**DOL.** Ha' you your wits? Why Gentlemen! for loue—  
**FAC.** Sirah, I'll strip you— SVB. What to do? licke figs •  
**Out at my — FAC.** Rogue, Rogue, out of all your sleights.  
**DOL.** Nay, look ye! Soueraigne, General, are you Madmen?  
**SVB.** O, let the wild sheepe loose. Ile gumme your filkes  
 With good strong water, an' you come. **DOL.** Will you haue  
 The neighbours heare you? Will you betray all?  
**Hearke,** I heare some body. **FAC.** Sirah. **SVB.** I shall marre  
 All that the Tattler has made of you — goe.  
**FAC.** You most notorious whelpe, you insolent slave,  
 Dare you doe this? **SVB.** Yes faith, yes faith. **FAC.** Why? who  
 Am I, my Mungrell? Who am I? **SVB.** I'll tell you,  
 Since you know not your selfe. **FAC.** Speake lower, Rogue.  
**SVB.** Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,  
 Honest, plaine, liuerie-three-pound-Thrum; that kept  
 Your Maisters worships house, here, in the *Friers*,  
 For the vacations. **FAC.** Will you be so loud?  
**SVB.** Since, by my meanes, translated *Sabark* Captain.  
**FAC.** By your meanes, Doctor Dog? **SVB.** Within mans memory.  
 All this, I speake of. **FAC.** Why, I pray you, haue I  
 Beene countenanc'd by you? or you, by me?  
**DOL.** Doe but collect, S<sup>r</sup>. where I met you first.  
**SVB.** I doe not heare well. **FAC.** Not of this, I thinke it.  
 But I shall put you in minde, S<sup>r</sup>. at *Pie-Corner*,  
 Taking your meale of steeme in, from Cookes stalle  
 Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walke

B

Piteously

## The ALCHEMIST.

Piteouſly coſtue, with your pinch'd horne-noſe,  
And your complexion, of the *Romane* waſh,  
Struck full of blacke, and melancholique wormes,  
Like poulder cornes, ſhot, at th' Artillery-yard.  
S v b. I wiſh, you could aduance your voice, a little.  
F a c. When you went pinn'd vp, in the ſeueral ragges,  
Yo' had rak'd, and pick'd from dunghils, before day,  
Your feete in mouldy ſlippers. for your kibes,  
A felt of rugg, and a thin thredde cloake,  
That ſcarce would couer your no-buttocks. S v b. So S<sup>r</sup>.  
F a c. When all your *Alchemye*, and your *Algebra*,  
Your *Mineralls*, *Vegetalls*, and *Animalls*,  
Your Coniuring, Coſning, and your doſen of Trades  
Could not relieue your corps, with ſo much linnen  
Would make you tinder, but to ſee a fire;  
I ga' you count'nance, credit for your Coales,  
Your Stilles, your Glaſſes, your *Materialls*,  
Built you a Fornace, drew you Cuſtomers,  
Aduanc'd all your blacke Arts; lent you, beſide,  
A houſe to practiſe in. S v b. Your Maſters houſe ?  
F a c. Where you haue ſtudied the more thruing ſkill  
Of Bawdry, ſince. S v b. Yes, in your Maſters houſe.  
You, and the Rats, here, kept poſſeſſion.  
Make it not ſtrange. I know, you were one, could keepe  
The Buttry hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſaue the chippings,  
Sell the dole-beere to *Aqua-viva* men,  
The which, together with your *Chriſtmaſſe* vails,  
At Poſt, and Paire, your letting out of Counters,  
Made you a pretty ſtocke. ſome twenty markes,  
And gaue you credit, to conuerſe with cobwebs,  
Here, ſince your Miſtreſſe death hath broke vp houſe.  
F a c. You might talke ſoftlier, Raskall. S v b. No, you *Scarabe*,  
I'll thunder you, in peeeces. I will teach you  
How to beware, to tempt a *Fury* againe  
That carries tempeſt in his hand, and voyce.  
F a c. The Place has made you valiant. S v b. No, your Clothes.  
Thou



# The *ALCHEMIST*.

Thou Vermine, haue I tane thee, out of dung,  
 So poore, so wretched, when no living thing  
 Would keepe thee company, but a Spider, or worfe ?  
 Rayld thee from broomes, and dust, and warring pots ?  
*Sublim'd* thee, and *exalt'd* thee, and *fix'd* thee  
 I'the *third region*, the *high state of grace* ?  
 Wrought thee to *spirit*, to *quintessence*, with paines  
 Would twise haue wonne me the *Philosophers worke* ?  
 Put thee in words, and fashions ? made thee fit  
 For more then ordinary fellowships ?  
 Giu'n thee thy othes, thy quarrelling dimensions ?  
 Thy rules. to cheate at horse-race, cock-pit, cardes,  
 Dice, or what euer gallant tincture, else ?  
 Made thee a Second, in mine owne *great Art* ?  
 And haue I this for thanke ? Doe you rebell ?  
 Doe you flye out, i'the *projection* ?  
 Would you be gone now ? D O L. Gentlemen, what meane you ?  
 Will you marre all ? S V B. Slaue, thou hadst had no Name,  
 D O L. Will you vndoe your selues, with ciuill warre ?  
 S V B. Neuer beene knowne, past *Equi Clubanum*,  
 The heate of horse-dung, vnder ground, in cellars,  
 Or an Ale-house, darker then deafe *Iohn's* : bene lost  
 To all mankind, but Laundresses, and Tapsters, (raignes ?  
 Had not I beene. D O L. Do you know who heares you, Soue-  
 F A C. Si'ah — D O L. Nay Generall, I thought you were ciuill.  
 F A C. I shall turne desperate, if you grow thus loud.  
 S V B. And hang thy selfe, I care not. F A C. Hang thee, Collier,  
 And all thy pots, and pans, in picture I will,  
 Sincethou hast mou'd me. D O L. ô, this'll ore-throw all.  
 F A C. Writethee vp Baud, in *Pauls* ; haue all thy trickes  
 Of cosning with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,  
 Searching for things lost, with a siue, and sheeres,  
 Erecting figures, in your rowes of *Houses*,  
 And taking in of shadowes, with a glasse,  
 Told in red letters : And a face, cut for thee,  
 Worse then *Gamaliel Rasey's*, D O L. Are you sound ?

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Ha'you your senses, Masters ? F A C. I will haue  
 A Booke, but barely reckoning thy Impostures,  
 Shall proue a true *Philosophers stone*, to Printers.  
 S V B. Away you Trencher-Raskall. F A C. Out you Dog-leach,  
 The vomit of all prisons — Do L. Will you be  
 Your owne destructions, Gentlemen ? F A C. Still spew'd out  
 For lying too heauy o'the basket. S V B. Cheater.  
 F A C. Bawd. S V B. Cowherd. F A C. Coniurer, S V B. Cutpurse, F A C.  
 Witch. Do L. O me,  
 We are ruin'd lost, Ha'you no more regard  
 To your reputations ? Where's your iudgement ? Slight,  
 Haue yet, some care of me, o'your *Republique*.  
 F A C. Away this Brach, I'll bring thee, Rogue, within  
 The *Statute of Sorcerie, tricesimo tertio*  
 Of *Harry* the eight : I and (perhaps) thy neck  
 Within a noose, for laundring gold, and barbing.  
 Do L. You'll bring your head within a cocks-combe, will you ?  
 And you S<sup>r</sup>, with your *Menstrue*, gather it vp,  
 S'death you abhominable payre of Stinkards  
 Leaue off your barking, and grow one againe,  
 Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throates.  
 I'll not be made a prey vnto the *Marshall*,  
 For nere a snarling Dog-bolt o'you both,  
 Ha'you together cossen'd all this while,  
 And all the world, and shall it now be said  
 Yo'haue made most courteous shift, to cossen your selues ?  
 You will accuse him ? You will bring him in  
 Within the *Statute* ? Who shall take your word,  
 A whoresonne, vpstart, *Apocryphall* Captayne,  
 Whom not a Puritane, in *Black-Friers*, will trust  
 So much, as for a fether ? And you, too,  
 Will giue the cause, forsooth ? You will insult,  
 And clayme a primacie, in the diuisions ?  
 You must be chiefe ? as if you, onely, had  
 The poulder to proiect with ? and the worke  
 Were not begunne out of æqualitie ?  
 The venter *tripartite* ? All things in common ?

Without

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Without prioritie ? S'death, you perpetuall Curres,  
 Fall to your couples, againe, and collen kindly,  
 And heartily, and louingly, as you should,  
 And loose not the beginning of a *Terme*,  
 Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too  
 And, take my part, and quit you. F A C. Tis his fault,  
 He euer murmures, and obiects his paines,  
 And sayes, the weight of all lies vpon him.  
 S V B. Why so it do's. D A L. How does it? Doe not we  
 Sustaine our parts? S V B. Yes, but they are not æquall.  
 D O L. Why, if your part exceede to day, I hope  
 Ours may, to morrow, match it. S V B. I, they may,  
 D O L. May, murmuring Maltiffe, I, and do. Gods will !  
 Helpe me to thrattell him. S V B. *Dorothée*, Mistrisse *Dorothée*,  
 O'ds precious, I'll doe any thing. What doe you meane?  
 D O L. Because o' your *Fermentation*, and *Cibation*?  
 S V B. Not I, by heauen. D O L. Your *Sol & Luna*: help me.  
 S V B. Would I were hang'd then, I'll conforme my selfe.  
 D O L. VVill you S<sup>r</sup>. doe so then, and quickly, Swear.  
 S V B. What should I swear? D O L. To leaue your faction S<sup>r</sup>.  
 And labour, kindly, in the commune worke.  
 S V B. Let me not breath, if I meant ought, beside.  
 I onely vs'd those speeches, as a spurre  
 To him. D O L. I hope we need no spurres S<sup>r</sup>. Doe we?  
 F A C. Slid, proue to day, who shall sharke best. S V B. Agreed.  
 D O L. Yes, and worke close, and friendly. S V B. Slight the knot  
 Shall grow the stronger, for this breach, with me.  
 D O L. Why so, my good Babounes ! Shall we goe make  
 A sort of sober, sciruy, præcise Neighbours,  
 (That scarce haue smil'd twife, sin' the King came in)  
 A feast of laughter, at our follies? Raskalls,  
 Would runne themselves from breath, to see me ride,  
 Or you t'haue but a Hole, to thrust your heads in,  
 For which you should pay Eare-rent : No, Agree.  
 And may *Don Pronost* ride a fasting, long,  
 In his old velvet ierken, and staynd scarfes,

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

(My noble Soueraigne, and worthy General)  
Ere we contribute a new cruell garter  
To his most worsted worship. S V B. Royall *Dol* !  
Spoken like *Clarsissana*, and thy selfe.  
F A C. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,  
And not be stil'd '*Dol* common, but *Dol* proper,  
*Dol* singular: the longest cut, at night.  
Shall draw thee for his *Dol* particular.  
S V B. Who's that ? one rings. To the window '*Dol*. Pray heau'n,  
The Master doe not troublevs this quarter.  
F A C. O, feare not him. While there dies one, a weeke,  
O'the plague, hee's safe, from thinking, toward *London*.  
Beside hee's busie at his hop-yardes, now,  
I had a letter from him. If he doe,  
Hee'll find such word, for aying o'the house  
As you shall haue sufficient time, to quit it.  
Though we breake vp a fortnight, 'tis no matter.  
S V B. Who is it, *Dol* ? D O L. A fine yong Quodling. F A C. O  
My Lawyers Clarke. I lighted on, last night,  
In *Holbourne*, at the Dagger. He would haue  
(I told you of him) a *Familiar*,  
To rifle with, at horses, and winne cuppes.  
D O L. O, let him in. S V B. Stay. Who shall doo't ? F A C. Get you  
Your robes on, I will meete him, as going out.  
D O L. And what shall I do ? F A C. Not be seene, away.  
Secme you very referu'd. S V B. Inough. F A C. God bew'you, S<sup>r</sup>.  
I pray you, let him know that I was here.  
His name is *Dapper*. I would gladly haue stayd, But —

## ACT. I. SCENE. 2.

DAPPER. FACE. SVB TLE. (Doctor.

Captaine, I am here. F A C. Who's that ? Hee's come, I think,  
Good faith, S<sup>r</sup>, I was going away. D A P. In truth,  
I am very fory, Captayne. F A C. But I thought  
Sure, I should meet you, D A P. I am very glad.

I had



## The *ALCHEMIST*.

I had a sciruy *Writ*, or two, to make,

And I had lent my watch last night, to one

That dines, to day, at the Shriefts: and so was robd

Of my passe-time Is this the Cunning-man?

F A C. This is his worship. D A P. Is he a Doctor? F A C. Yes.

D A P. And ha' you broke with him, Captaine? F A C. I. D A P. And how?

F A C. Faith, he doe's make the matter, S<sup>r</sup>. so dainty,

I know not what to say. D A P. Not so, good Captaine.

F A C. Would I were fayrely rid on't, beleeue me.

D A P. Nay, now you grieue me S<sup>r</sup>. Why should you wish so?

I dare assure you. I'll not be vngratefull.

F A C. I cannot thinke you will, S<sup>r</sup>. But the *Lawe*

Is such a thing — And then he sayes, *Reade's matter*

Falling so lately. D A P. *Reade*? He was an *Alfe*,

And dealt S<sup>r</sup> with a Foole. F A C. It was a *Clarke*, S<sup>r</sup>.

D A P. A *Clarke*? F A C. Nay, heare me, S<sup>r</sup>. you know the *Law*

Better. I thinke D A P. I should S<sup>r</sup>. and the danger.

You know I shew'd the *Statute* to you? F A C. You did so.

D A P. And will I tell, then? By this hand, of flesh,

Would it might neuer wright good *Court*-hand, more,

If I discouer. What doe you thinke of me, (here.

That I am a *Chianse*? F A C. What's that? D A P. The *Turke* was,

As one would say, Doe you thinke I am a *Turke*?

F A C. I'll tell the Doctor so. D A P. Doe, good sweet Captaine.

F A C. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee, let's preuaile,

This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chianse*.

S V B. Captaine, I haue return'd you all my answers.

I would doe much S<sup>r</sup>. for your loue — But this

I neither may, nor can. F A C. Tut, doe not say so.

You deale, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,

One that will thanke you, richly, and h'is no *Chianse*:

Let that S<sup>r</sup>. moue you. S V B. Pray you, forbear. F A C. He has

Four Angels, here. S V B. You doe me wrong good S<sup>r</sup>.

F A C. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these *Spirits*?

S V B. To tempt my art, and loue, Sir, to my perill.

Fore heau'n, I scarce can thinke you are my friend,

That

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

That so would draw me to apparant danger.

F A C. I draw you? A horse draw you, and a halter,  
You, and your Flies together, D A P. Nay, good Captaine.

F A C. That know no difference of men. S V B. Good words S<sup>r</sup>.

F A C. Good deeds, S<sup>r</sup>. Doctor Dogges-mouth. Slight I bring  
No cheating *Clim-o'she-Cloughs*, or *Claribels*. (you

That looke as bigge as *fine*, and *fifty*, and *flaß*,  
And spit out secrets, like hot Cultard D A P. Capayne.

F A C. Nor any melancholike vnder-*Scribe*,

Shall tell the *Vicar*: but, a speciall Gentle,

That is the Heire to forty markes, a yeare,

Consorts with the small *Poets* of the time,

Is the sole hope of his old Grand-Mother,

That knowes the Law, and writes you fixe fayre Hands,

Is a fine Clarke, and has his Ciphring perfect,

Will take his oth, o'the *Greeke Testament*,

If need be, in his pocket: and can court

His Mistresse, out of *Ouid*, D A P. Nay, deare Capayne.

F A C. Did you not tell me, so? D A P. Yes, but I'd ha' you

Vse M<sup>r</sup>. Doctor, with some more respect.

F A C. Hang him proud Stagge, with his broad veluet head.

But, for your sake, I'd choake ere I would change

An article of breath, with such a Puck-fist.

Come let's be gone. S V B. Pray you, le'me speake with you.

D A P. His worship calls you, Capayne. F A C. I am sorry,

I e're imbarqu'd my selfe, in such a bulines.

D A P. Nay good S<sup>r</sup>. He did call you. F A C. Will he take, then?

S V B. First, heare me — F A C. Not a syllable, 'lesse you take.

S V B. Pray ye S<sup>r</sup>. F A C. Vpon no termes, but an *Assumpst*.

S V B. Your Humor must be law. F A C. Why now S<sup>r</sup>. talke.

Now, I dare heare you with mine honour. Speake. (Spring,

So may this Gentleman too. S V B. Why S<sup>r</sup>. F A C. No whi-

S V B. Fore Heau'n, you doe not apprehend the losse

You doe your selfe, in this. F A C. Wherein? For what?

S V B. Mary, to be so importunate for one,

That, when he has it, will vndoe you all:

He'll

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

He'll winnevp all the money i'the Towne.

F A C. How! S V B. Yea. And blow vp Gamster, after Gamster,  
As they doe crackers, in a *Puppet*-play.

If I doe giue him a *Familiar*,

Giue you him all you play for; neuer set him:

For he will haue it. F A C. Y'are mistaken, Doctor.

Why, he do's aske one but for Cuppes, and Horfes,

A riding Fly: none o' your great *Familiars*.

D A P. Yes, Captayne, I would haue it, for all games.

S V B. I told you so. F A C. 'Slight, that's a new businesse!

I vnderstood you, a tame *Bird*, to flye

Twise in a *Terme*, or so; on *Friday* nights,

When you had left the Office: for a Nagg,

Of forty, or fifty shillings. D A P. 'Tis true, Sir,

But I doe thinke, now, I shall leaue the *Lawe*,

And therefore. F A C. Why this changes quite the case!

Do you thinke, that I dare moue him? D A P. If you please, Sir,

All's one to him, I see. F A C. What? for that money?

I cannot with my Conscience. Nor should you

Make the request, me thinks. D A P. No, Sir, I meane

To adde consideration. F A C. VVhy, then, Sir,

I'll try. Say, that it were for all games, Doctor?

S V B. I say, then, not a mouth shall cate for him

At any *Ordinary*, but o'the Score,

That is a gaming mouth, conceiue me. F A C. Indeed!

S V B. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realme,

If it be set him. F A C. Speake you this from art?

S V B. I, Sir, and reason too; the ground of art.

H'is o'the onely best complexion

The Queene of *Fairie* loues. F A C. VVhat! is he! S V B. Peace.

He'll ouer-heare you. Sir, should she but see him—

F A C. VVhat? S V B. Do not you tell him. F A C. VVill he win at

S V B. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, liuing *Isaac*, (cardes too?)

You'd sweare, were in him: such a vigorous luck

As cannot be resisted. Slight he'll put

Size o' your Gallants, to a cloake, indeed.

C

F A C

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

FAC. A strange successe, that some man shall be borne too !  
SVB. Hee heares you, man. DAP. Sir, Ile not be ingratefull.  
FAC. Faith, I haue a confidence in his good nature :  
You heare, he sayes. he will not be ingratefull.  
SVB. VVhy, as you please, my venture follows yours.  
FAC. Troth, doe it Doctor. Thinke him trusty, and make him.  
Hee may make vs both happy in an hower :  
Winne some fise thousand pound, and send vs two on't.  
DAP. Belceue it, and I will, Sir. FAC. And you shall, Sir.  
You haue heard all ? DAP. No, what was't ? Nothing, I Sir.  
FAC. Norhing ? DAP. A little, Sir. FAC. Well, a rare Starre  
Raign'd, at your birth. DAP. At mine Sir ? No. FAC. The Doctor  
Sweares that you are — SVB. Nay Caprayn, Yo'll tell all, now.  
FAC. Allied to the Queene of *Faerie*. DAP. Who ? that I am ?  
Belceue it, no such matter. FAC. Yes, and that  
Yo'were borne with a Caule o'your head. DAP. Who sayes so ?  
FAC. Come.  
You know it well inough, though you dissemble it.  
DAP. I fac, I doe not. You are mistaken. FAC. How !  
Sweare by your fac ? and in a thing, so knowne  
Vnto the Doctor ? How shall we, Sir, trust you  
I the other matter ? Can we euer thinke,  
When you haue wonne fise, or fixe thousand pound,  
Yo'll send vs shares in't, by this rate ? DAP. By Gad, Sir,  
I'll winne ten thousand pound, and send you halfe.  
I fac is no othe. SVB. No, no, he did but iest.  
FAC. Goe too. Goe, thanke the Doctor. He is your friend.  
To take it so. DAP. I thanke his VVorship. FAC. So ?  
Another Angell. DAP. Must I ? FAC. Must you ? Slight,  
VVhat else is Thankes ? Will you be triuiall ? Doctor.  
VVhen must he come, for his *Familiar* ?  
DAP. Shall I not ha'it with me ? SVB. O, good Sir,  
There must a world of ceremonies passe,  
You must be bath'd, and fumigated, first ;  
Besides, the Queene of *Faerie* do's not rife,  
Till it be noone. FAC. Not, if she daunc'd, to night.

SVB.



## The *ALCHEMIST*.

SVB. And she must blesse it. FAC. Did you neuer see  
Her royall *Grace*, yet? DAP. Whom? FAC. Your Aunt of *Faerie*?  
SVB. Not, since she kist him, in the cradle, Captayne,  
I can resolute you that. FAC. VVell, see her *Grace*,  
What ere it cost you, for a thing that I know,  
It will be somewhat hard to compasse: But,  
How euer, see her. You are made, beleeue it,  
If you can see her. Her *Grace* is a lone woman,  
And very rich, and if she take a phant'sye,  
She will doe strange things. See her, at any hand.  
'Slid, she may hap to leaue you all she has:  
It is the Doctors feare. DAP. How will't be done, then?  
FAC. Let me alone take you no thought. Doe you  
But say to me, Captayne, I'll see her *Grace*.  
DAP. Captain, I'll see her *Grace*. FAC. Inough. SVB. Who's there?  
Anone. (Conduct him forth, by the back way)  
Sir, against one a Clock, prepare your selfe.  
Till when you must be fasting; onely, take  
Three drops of vinegar, in, at your nose;  
Two at your mouth; and one, at eyther eare;  
Then, bath your fingers endes; and, wash your eyes;  
To sharpen your five Senses; and, cry *Hum*,  
Thrice; and then *Baz*, as often; and then, Come.  
FAC. Can you remember this? DAP. I warrant you.  
FAC. Well, then, away. 'Tis, but your bestowing  
Some twenty nobles, 'mong her *Graces* Seruants;  
And, put on a cleane shirt: You doe not know  
What grace her *Grace* may doe you in cleane linnen.

### ACT. I. SCENE. 3.

SVBTLE. DRUGGER. FACE.

Come in. Good wiues, I pray you forbear me, now.  
Troth I can doe you no good, till afternoone.  
What is your name, say you, *Abel Drugger*? DRV. Yes, Sir.  
SVB. A seller of *Tobacco*? DRV. Yes, Sir. SVB. 'Vmh.  
Free of the Grocers? DRV. I, and't please you. SVB. Well.  
C 2 Your

## The ALCHEMIST.

Your busines, *Abel*? DR V. This, and't please your worship,  
I'am a yong beginner, and am building  
Of a new shop, and't like your worship; iust,  
At corner of a sheet: (Here's the plot on't.)  
And I would know, by art, Sir, of your Worship,  
Which way I should make my dore, by *Necromantie*.  
And, where my Shelues. And, which should be for Boxes,  
And, which for Potts. I would be glad to thrue, Sir.  
And, I was wish'd to your Worship, by a Gentleman,  
One Captaine *Face*, that say's you know mens *Planets*,  
And their good *Angels*, and their bad. SVB. I doe  
If I doe see hem. FAC. VVhat! my honest *Abel*?  
Thou art well met, here. DR V. Troth, Sir, I was speaking,  
Iust, as your VVorship came here, of your VVorship.  
I pray you, speake for me to Mr. Doctor.  
FAC. He shall doe any thing. Doctor, doe you heare?  
This is my friend, *Abel*, an honest fellow,  
He lets me haue good *Tobacco*, and he do's not  
Sophistificate it, with Sack-lees, or Oyle,  
Nor walthes it in Muscadell, and Graines,  
Nor buries it, in grauell, vnder ground,  
Wrap'd vp in greasie leather, or piss'd clouses:  
But keepes it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,  
Smell like conferue of Roses, or *French* Beanes.  
He has his Maple block, his siluer tonga,  
*Winchester* pipes, and fire of Iuniper.  
A neate, spruce-honest-fellow, and no Goldmith.  
SVB. H'is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.  
FAC. Already, Sir, ha'you found it? Lo'thee *Abel*!  
SVB. And, in right way to'ward riches. FAC. Sir. SVB. This  
Summer.  
He will be of the Clothing of his company.  
And, next spring, call'd to the Scarlet. Spend what he can.  
FAC. What, and so little beard? SVB. Sir, you must thinke,  
He may haue a receipt, to make hayre come.  
But he'll bewise, preferue his youth, and fine fort:

His

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

His fortune looks for him, another way.  
FAC. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soone?  
I am amus'd, at that ! SVB. By a rule, Captayne,  
In *Metaposcopie*, which I doe worke by,  
A certaine Starre i'the forehead, which you see now,  
Your Chest-nut, or your Oliue-colour'd face  
Do's neuer fayle: and your long Eare doth promise,  
I knew't, by certaine spotts too, in his teeth,  
And on the nayle of his *Mercurial* finger.  
FAC. Which finger's that ? SVB. His little finger, Looke.  
Yo're borne vpon a Wensday. DRV. Yes, indeed, Sir.  
SVB. The Thumbe, in *Chiromantie*, we giue *Venus* ;  
The Fore-finger to *Ioue* ; the Midst, to *Saturne* ;  
The Ring to *Sol*, the Least, to *Mercurie* :  
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoscope*,  
His *House of life* being *Libra*. Which foreshew'd,  
He should be a Marchant, and should trade with Ballance.  
FAC. VVhy, this is strange ! Is't not, honest *Nab* ?  
SVB. There is a Ship now, comming from *Ormus*,  
That shall yeeld him, such a Commoditie  
Of Drugs. This is the West, and this the South ?  
DRV. Yes, Sir. SVB. And those are your two sides ? DRV. I, Sir.  
SVB. Make me your Dore, then, South ; your broad side, West :  
And, on the East-side of your shop, aloft,  
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraberat* ;  
Vpon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velal*, *Thiel*,  
They are the names of those *Mercurian* spirits,  
That doe fright flies from boxes. DRV. Yea, Sir, SVB. And  
Beneath your threshold, bury me a Load-stone  
To draw in Gallants, that weare spurs : The rest,  
They'll seeme to follow. FAC. That's a secret, *Nab*.  
SVB. And, on your stall, a Puppet, with a vice,  
And a *Court-fucus*, to call Citie-Dames.  
You shall deale much, with *Mineralls*. DRV. Sir, I haue,  
At home, already — SVB. I, I know, you haue *Asfnike*,  
*Vitriol*, *Sal Tartre*, *Argaile*, *Alkaly*,

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

*Cinoper*. I know all. This fellow, Captayne,  
Will come, in time, to be a great Distiller,  
And giue a say (I will not say directly,  
But very fayre) at the *Philosophers stone*.

*FAC*. Why, how now *Abel*! Is this true? *DRV*. Good Captayne,  
What must I giue? *FAC*. Nay, Ile not counsell thee.

Thou hearst, what wealth, he sayes. spend what thou canst,  
Th'art like to come too. *DRV*. I would gi' him a Crowne.

*FAC*. A Crowne? And toward such a fortune? *Hart*,  
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No Gold about thee?

*DRV*. Yes, I haue a *Portagne*, I ha' kept this halfe yeare.

*FAC*. Out on thee, *Nab*, 'Slight, there was such an offer,  
'Shalt keepe't no longer, I'll gi't him for thee?

Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worship, to drinke this, and sweares  
He will appeare more gratefull as your skill

Do's raise him in the world. *DRV*. I would intreat

Another fauor of his Worship. *FAC*. What is't, *Nab*?

*DRV*. But, to looke ouer, Sir, my *Almanack*,  
And crosse out my ill-dayes, that I may neither

Bargaine, nor trust vpon them. *FAC*. That he shall, *Nab*.  
Leaue it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoone.

*SVB*. And a direction for his shclues. *FAC*. Now, *Nab*?

Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab*? *DRV*. Thank, Sir, both your Wor-  
ships. *FAC*. Away.

Why, now, you smoaky persecuter of *Nature*,  
Now, doe you see, that something's to be done,  
Beside your Beech-coale, and your Cor'lue waters,  
Your Crosse-lets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?

You must haue stufte, brought home to you, to worke on?  
And, yer, you thinke, I am at no expence.

In searching out these vaines, then following 'hem,  
Then trying 'hem out, 'Fore God, my intelligence

Costs me more money, then my share oft comes too,

In these rare workes. *SVB*. You are pleasant, Sir, How now?

ACT.

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

## ACT. I. SCENE. 4.

FACE. DOL. SVBTL.

**W**Hat say's, my dainty *Dolkin*? DOL. Yonder Fish-wife  
Will not away. And there's your *Giantesse*,  
The Baud of *Lambeth*. SVB. Hart, I cannot speake with 'hem.  
DOL. Nor, afore night, I haue told 'hem, in a voice,  
Thorough the Trunke, like one of your *Familiars*.  
But I haue spied Sir *Epicure Mammon*. SVB. Where?  
DOL. Comming along, at far end of the lane,  
Slow of his feete, but earnest of his tongue,  
To one, that's with him. SVB. *Face*, Goe you, and shift,  
*Dol*, you must presently make ready, too.  
DOL. Why, what's the matter? SVB. O, I did looke for him  
With the sunnes rising. 'Meruaile, he could sleepe.  
This is the day, I am to perfect for him  
The *Magistersum*, our great worke, the *Stone*;  
And yeeld it, made, into his hands: Of which,  
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd on't,  
And, now, hee's dealing peeces on't, away.  
Mē thinkes, I see him, entring Ordinaries,  
Dispensing for the poxe; and Plaguy-houses,  
Reaching his dose; Walking *More-fields* for Lepers;  
And offring Citizens Wiues Pomander Bracelets,  
As his preferuatiue, made of the *Elixir*;  
Searching the Spittle, to make old Baudes yong;  
And the High waies, for Beggars, to make rich.  
I see no end of his labours. He will make  
*Nature* asham'd, of her long sleepe, when *Art*,  
Who's but a Steep-dame, shall doe more, then shee,  
In her best loue to Man-kinde, euer could,  
If his Dreame last, Hee'l turne the *Age*, to Gold.

ACT.

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

## ACT. 2. SCENE. 1.

MAMON. SVRLY.

Come on, Sir. Now, you set your foote, on Shore  
In *Novo Orbe*; Here's the rich *Pern* :  
And there within, Sir, are the golden Mines  
Great *Salomon's Opti*-. He was sayling to't  
Three yeares, but we haue reach'd it in ten Months.  
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,  
I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich*.  
This day, you shall be *Speciatissimi*.  
You shall no more deale with the hollow Die,  
Or the fraile Card. No more be at charge of keeping  
The Liurey-punke, for my yong Heyre, that must  
Scale, at all howers, in his shirt. No more  
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is  
That brings him the commoditie. No more  
Shall thirst of fatten, or the couetous hunger  
Of velvet entrayles, for a rude-spun cloake,  
To be displayd at *Madam Augusta's*, make  
The *sonnes of Sword*, and *Hazard* fall before  
The golden Calfe, and on their knees, whole nights,  
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets  
Or goe a feasting, after Drum and Ensigne.  
No more of this. You shall start vp yong *Vice-royes*,  
And haue your Punques, and Punquettees, my *SVRLY*.  
And vnto thee, I speake it first, *Be rich*.  
Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within Hough? } *WITHIN* } *Sir*.  
Hee'll come to you, by and by. MAM. That's his *Fire-drake*,  
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffes his coales,  
Till he firke *Nature*, vp, in her owne center.  
You are not faithfull, Sir. This night, I'll change  
All, that is mettall, in my house, to gold.  
And, early in the morning, will I send  
To all the Plumbers, and the Peuterers,

And

## The ALCHEMIST.

And buy their Tinne, and Lead vp : and to *Lotbary*,  
For all the copper. SVR. What, and turne that too ?

MAM. Yes, and I'll purchase *Denonshire*, and *Cornwaile*,  
And make them perfect *Indies*. You admire now ?

SVR. No faith. MAM. But when you see th' effects of the great  
medicine!

Of which one part proiccted on a hundred

Of *Mercurie*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,

Shall turne it, to as many of the *Sunne*;

Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum* :

You will belecue me. SVR. Yes, when I see't, I will.

But, if my eyes doe cossen me so (and I

Giuing them no occation) sure, I'll haue

A Whore, shall piſſe hem out next day. MAM. Ha ! Why ?

Doe you thinke, I ſable with you ? I aſſure you,

He that has once the *Flower of the Sunne*;

The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,

Not onely can doe that, but by it's vertue,

Can confer honour, loue, respect, long life,

Giue ſafty, valure : yea, and victory,

To whom he will. In eight, and twenty dayes,

I'll make an Old man, of fourefcore, a Childe.

SVR. No doubt hee'is that already. MAM. Nay, I meane,

Reſtore his yeares, renew him, like an Eagle,

To the fifth age ; make him get Sonnes, and Daughters,

Yong *Giants* ; as our *Philofophers* haue done

(The antient *Patriarkes* afore the flood)

But taking, once a weeke, on a kniues point,

The quantitie of a grayne of Muſtard, of it :

Become ſtout *Marſſes*, and begot yong *Cupids*.

SVR. The decay'd *Veſtall's* of *Picket-batch* would thanke you,

That keepe the fire a-liue, there. MAM. 'Tis the ſecret

Of *Nature*, naturiz'd 'gainſt all infections,

Cures all diſeaſes, comming of all cauſes,

A month's griefe, in a day ; a yeares, in twelue :

And, of what age ſo euer, in a month.

D

Paſt

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Paſt all the doſes, of your drugging Doctōrs.  
 I'll vndertake, withall, to fright the Plague  
 Out o'the kingdome, in three months. SVR. And I'll  
 Be bound, the *Players* ſhall ſing your praifes. then,  
 Without their *Poets*. MAM. Sir, I'll doo't. Meane time,  
 I'll giue away ſo much, vnto my man,  
 Shall ſerue th'whole Citie, with preſeruatiue,  
 Weekly, each houſe his doſe, and at the rate —  
 SVR. As heſhat built the Water-worke, dos with water?  
 MAM. You are incredulous. SVR. Faith, I haue a humor,  
 I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*  
 Cannot tranſmute me. MAM. *Pertinax, Surly,*  
 Will you belecue *Antiquitie* ? *Records* ?  
 I'll ſhew you a Booke, where *Mofes*, and his *Siſter*,  
 And *Salomon* haue written, of the Art ;  
 I, and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*. SVR. How !  
 MAM. O'the *Philophers ſtone*, and in *high Dutch*.  
 SVR. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in *high Dutch* ? MAM. He did :  
 Which proues it was the Primitiue tongue. SVR. What Paper ?  
 MAM. On *Cedar board*. SVR. O that, indeed (they ſay)  
 Will laſt 'gainſt wormes. MAM. 'Tis like your *Iriſh wood*,  
 'Gainſt Cobwebs. I haue a peece of *Iaſons* fleece, too,  
 Which was no other, then a Booke of *Alchemie*,  
 Writ in large ſheepe-skin, a good fat Ram-Vellam.  
 Such was *Pythagoras*' thigh, *Pandora's* tub ;  
 And, all that fable of *Medeas* charmes,  
 The manner of our worke : The *Bulls*, our Fornace,  
 Still breathing fire ; our *Argent-vine*, the Dragon :  
 The Dragons teeth, *Mercurie* ſublimatē,  
 That keeps the whitenellē, hardneſſe and the biting ;  
 And they are gather'd, into *Iaſon's helme*,  
 (Th' *Alemboke*) and then ſow'd in *Mars* his field,  
 And, thence, ſublim'd ſo often, till they are fix'd.  
 Both this, th' *Hesperian Garden*, *Cadmus* ſtory,  
*Ioue's* ſhower, the boone of *Midas*, *Argus* eyes,  
*Boccace* his *Demogorgon*, thouſands more,  
 All abſtraſt Riddles of our *Stone*. How now ?

ACT.



# The *ALCHEMIST*.

## ACT. 2. SCENE. 2.

MAMMON. FACE. SVRLY.

**D**Oe we succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?  
FAC. The euening will set red, vpon you, Sir,  
You haue colour for it, crimson, the red *Ferments*  
Has done his office. Three howers hence, prepare you  
To see proiection. MAM. *Pertinax*, my *Surly*,  
Againe, I say to thee, aloud: *Be rich*.  
This day, thou shalt haue Ingots: and, to morrow,  
Giue Lords th'affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?  
Blushes the Bolts-head? FAC. Like a Wench with Child, Sir,  
That were, but now, discouer'd to her Master.  
MAM. Excellent witty *Lungs*, My onely care is,  
Where to get stuffe, inough now, to proiect on  
This towne will not halfe serue me. FAC. No Sir? Take  
The couering of o' Churches. MAM. That's true. FAC. Yes.  
Let hem stand bare, as doe their Auditorie,  
Or cap 'hem, new, with Shingles. MAM. No, good Thatch.  
Thatch will lie light, vpo' the rafters *Lungs*,  
*Lungs*, I will manumit thee, from the Fornace;  
I will restore thee thy complexion, *Passie*,  
Lost in the embers; and repayre this brayne,  
Hurt with the fume o'the Mettalls. FAC. I haue blowne, Sir,  
Hard for your Worshipp; throwne by many a Coale,  
When t'was not Beech; weigh'd those I put in, iust,  
To keepe your heate, still euen; These bearded eyes  
Haue wak'd, to reade your seuerall colours, Sir,  
Of the *pale Ciron*, the *greene Lion*, the *Crow*,  
The *Peacock's taylor*, the *plumed Swan*. MAM. And, lastly,  
Thou hast descried the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni*?  
FAC. Yes Sir. MAM. Where's Master? FAC. At's prayers, Sir, hee,  
Good man, he's doing his deuotions,  
For the successe. MAM. *Lungs*, I will set a period,  
To all thy labours: Thou shalt be the Master

## The ALCHEMIST.

Of my *Seraglio*. FAC. Good, Sir. MAM. But doe you heare?  
I'll geld you *Lungs*. FAC. Yes, Sir. MAM. For I doe meane  
To haue a list of Wiues, and Concubines,  
Equall with *Salomon*; who had the *Stone*  
Alike, with me: and I will make me, a back  
With the *Elixir*, that shall be as tough  
As *Hercules*, to encounter fifty a night.  
Th'art sure, thou sawst it *blood*? FAC. Both *blood*, & *spirit*, Sir.  
MAM. I will haue all my beds, blowne vp; not stuf:  
Downe is too hard. And then, mine *Oual* Roome,  
Fill'd with such pictures, as *Tiberius* tooke  
From *Elephantis*: and dull *Aretine*  
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glasses,  
Cut in more subtil angles, to disperse,  
And multiply the figures, as I walke  
Naked betweene my *Succuba*. My mistes  
I'll haue of perfume, vapor'd bout the roome,  
To loose our selues in; and my bathes, like pittes  
To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,  
And roule vs dry in Gossamour, and Roses.  
Is it ariu'd at *Ruby*? Where I spie  
A wealthy Cittizen, or rich Lawyer,  
Haue a sublim'd pure Wife, vnto that fellow  
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my Cuckold.  
FAC. And I shall carry it. MAM. No, I'll ha' no baudes,  
But Fathers, and Mothers. And my flatterers,  
Shall be the best, and grauest of Diuines,  
That I can get for money. My mere fooles,  
Eloquent Burgeses, and then my Poets  
The same that writ so subtilly of the *Fart*,  
Whom I will entertaine, still, for that *Subiect*.  
The few, that would giue out themselues to be  
Court, and Towne-Stallions, and, each where, belye  
Ladies, who're knowne most innocent, for them;  
Those will I begge, to make me *Eunuchs* of:  
And they shall fanne me, with ten Elstrich Tayles

A

# The ALCHEMIST.

A piece, made in a plume, to gather winde.  
 We will be braue, *Passe*, now we ha' the *Medicine*.  
 My Meate, shall all come in, in *Indian* shells,  
 Dishes of Agat, set in Gold, and studded  
 With Emeralds, Saphires, Hyacinths, and Rubies.  
 The tongues of Carpes, Dormise, and Camels heeles,  
 Boyl'd i'the spirit of *Sol*, and dissolu'd Pearle,  
 (*Apicius* diet, 'gainst the *Epilepsie*)  
 And I will eate these broaths, with spoones of Amber,  
 Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.  
 My foote-Boy shall eate Pheasants, caluerd Salmons,  
 Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's : I my selfe will haue  
 The beards of Barbels, seru'd, in stead of sallades ;  
 Oyld Mushromes ; and the swelling vinctuous papps  
 Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,  
 Drest with an exquisite, and poynant sauce ;  
 For which, Ile say vnto my Cooke, There's gold,  
 Goeforth, and be a Knight, F.A.C. Sir, I'll goe looke  
 A little, how it heightens. MAM. Doe. My Shirts  
 I'll haue of Taffata-sarfnet, soft, and light  
 As Cobwebs ; and for all my other rayment  
 It shall be such, as might prouoke the *Persian* :  
 Were he to teach the world riot, a new.  
 My Gloues of Fishes, and Birds-skinnes, perfum'd  
 With Gummes of *Paradise*, and Easterne ayre —  
 SVR. And do you thinke to haue the *Stone*, with this ?  
 MAM. No. I doe thinke, t'haue all this, with the *Stone*.  
 SVR. Why, I haue heard, he must be *Homo frugi*,  
 A pious, holy, and religious man,  
 One free from mortall sinne, a very Virgin.  
 MAM. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.  
 My venter brings it me. He, honest wretch,  
 A notable, superstitious, good soule,  
 Has worne his knees bare, and his slippers bald,  
 With prayer, and fasting for it : And Sir, let him  
 Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes,  
 Not a prophane word, afore him : 'Tis poyson.

Act.

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

## ACT. 2. SCENE. 3.

MAMMON. SVBTL. SVRLY. FACE.

**G**od morrow, Father, SVB. Gentle Sonne, good morrow,  
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?

MAM. An *Heretique*, that I did bring along,  
In hope, Sir, to conuert him. SVB. Sonne, I doubt  
Yo are couetous, that thus you meeete your time  
I'the iust point : preuent your day, at morning.  
This argues something, worthy of a feare  
Of importune, and carnall appetite.  
Take heed, you doe not cause the blessing leaue you,  
With your vngouern'd haift. I should be sorry,  
To see my labours, now, eene at perfection,  
Got by long watching, and large patience,  
Not prosper, where my Loue, and Zeale hath plac'd them.  
Which (heauen I call to witnesse, with your selfe,  
To whom, I haue pour'd my thoughts) in all my endes,  
Haue look'd no way, but vnto publique good,  
To pious vses, and deare Charitie  
No growne a prodigie with men. Wherein  
If you, my Sonne, should, now, przuaricate,  
And, to your owne particular lusts, employ  
So great, and catholique a blisse; Befure,  
A curse will follow, yea, and ouertake  
Your subtile, and most secret wayes. MAM. I know, Sir,  
You shall not need to feare me. I but come  
To ha'you confute this Gentleman. ~~Who~~ Who is,  
Indeed, Sir, somewhat caustie of beleefe  
Toward your Stone. Would not be gull'd. SVB. Well, Sonne,  
All that I can conuince him in, is this,  
The *Worke* is done : Bright *Solis* in his *robe*.  
We haue a *med'cine of the triple Soule*,  
The *glorified spirit*. Thanks be to heauen,  
And make vs worthy of it. *Vlen spiegle*.

FAC.

## The ALCHEMIST.

FAC. Anone Sir. SVB. Looke well to the Register,  
 And let your heate, still, lessen by degrees,  
 To the *Aludels*. FAC. Yes Sir. SVB. Did you looke  
 O'the Bolts-head yet? FAC. Which on D. Sir? SVB. I.  
 What's the complexion? FAC. Whitish. SVB. Infuse vinegar,  
 To draw his *volarile substance*, and his *tincture* :  
 And let the water in *Glasse E*. be *felired*,  
 And put into the *Gripes egge*. Lute him, well ;  
 And leaue him clo'd in *Balneo*. FAC. I will, Sir.  
 SVR. What a braue language here is? next to *Canting*?  
 SVB. I'haue another worke; you neuer saw, Sonne,  
 That, three dayes since, past the *Philosophers wheele*,  
 In the lent heate of *Athamor*; and's become  
*Sulphur o' nature*. MAM. But 'tis for mee? SVB. What need  
 you?  
 You haue inough, in that is, perfect. MAM. O, but —  
 SVB. Why this is Couetise! MAM. No, I assure you,  
 I shall employ it all, in pious vses,  
 Founding of *Colleges*, and *Grammar Schooles*,  
 Marrying yong *Virgins*, building *Hospitals*,  
 And now, and then a *Church*. SVB. How now. FAC. Sir, please you,  
 Shall I not change the *felire*? SVB. Mary, yes.  
 And bring me the complexion of *Glasse B*.  
 MAM. Ha'you another? SVB. Yes Sonne, were I assur'd  
 Your piety were firme, we would not want  
 The meanes to glorific it. But I hope the best :  
 I meane to tinct *C*. in *sand-beate*, to morrow,  
 And giue him *imbibition*. MAM. Of white oyle?  
 SVB. No Sir of red. *F*. is come ouer the *helme* too,  
 I thanke my Maker, in *S. Maries bath*,  
 And shewes *Lac Virginis*. Blest be heauen.  
 I sent you of his *faces* there, *calcin'd*.  
 Out of that *calx*, I'ha' wonne the *salt of Mercurie*.  
 MAM. By pouring on your *rectified water*?  
 SVB. Yes, and reuerberating in *Athamor*.  
 How now? What colour sayes it? FAC. The Ground black, Sir.  
 MAM.

## The ALCHEMIST.

MAM. That's your *Crowes head*. SVR. Your Cock (comb's, is't not?

SVB. No, 'Tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.

That worke wants something. SVR. O, I look'd for this.

The hay is a pitching. SVB. Are you sure, you loof'd hem

I'th'ir owne *menstrue*? FAC. Yes, Sir, and then married hem,

And put hem in a Bolts-head, nipp'd to *digestion*,

According as you bad me; when I set

The *liquor of Viars* to *circulation*,

In the same heate. SVB. The procelle, then, was right.

FAC. Yes, by the token, Sir, the Retort brake,

And what was sau'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,

And sign'd with *Hermes scale*. SVB. I thinke't was so.

We should haue a new *Amalgama*. SVR. O, this Ferret

Is ranke as any Pole-cat. SVB. But I care not,

Let him e'ene dy; wee haue enough, beside,

In *Embrion*. H. ha's his *white shirt* on? FAC. Yes, Sir,

Hee's ripe for *inceration*; He stands warme,

In his *ash-fire*. I would not, you should let

Any dye now, if I might counsell Sir,

For lucks-sake to the rest. It is not good.

MAM. He sayes right. SVR. I, are you bolted? FAC. Nay,

I know't Sir,

I haue scene th'ill fortune. What is some three Ounces

Of fresh *materials*? MAM. Is't no more? FAC. No more, Sir,

Of Gold, & *amalgame*, with some sixe of *Mercurie*.

MAM. Away, here's Money. What will serue. FAC. Aske him, Sir.

MAM. How much? SVB. Giue him nine pound, you may  
gi' him ten.

SVR. Yes twenty, and be collend, Doe. MAM. There 'tis.

SVB. This needs not. But that you will haue it, so,

To see conclusions of all. For two

Of our inferiour workes, are at *fixation*.

A third is in *Ascension*. Goe your wayes,

Ha' you set the Oyle of *Luna* in *Kemia*?

FAC. Yes, Sir. SVB. And the *Philosophers vinegar*? FAC. I.

SVR. We shal haue a sallad. MAM. When do you make *projection*?

SVB.

## The ALCHEMIST.

SVB. Sonne, be not hasty, I *exalt* our *Med'cine*,  
By hanging him in *Balneo Vaporoso* ;  
And giuing him solution ; then *congeale* him ;  
And then *dissolue* him ; then againe *congeale* him ;  
For looke, how oft I iterate the worke,  
So many times, I adde vnto his vertue.  
As, if at first, one Ounce conuert a hundred,  
After his second loofe, he'll turne a thousand ;  
His third solution, ten ; his fourth a hundred.  
After his fifth, a thousand thousand Ounces  
Of any imperfect mettall, into pure  
Siluer, or Gold, in all examinations,  
As good, as any of the naturall Mine.  
Get you your stuffe here, against afternoone,  
Your Brasse, your Pewter, and your Andirons.  
MAM. Not those of iron ? SVB. Yes. You may bring them, too.  
We'll change all mettall's. SVR. I belecue you, in that.  
MAM. Then I may send my Spitts ? SVB. Yes, and your Racks.  
SVR. And Dripping-pannes, and Pot-hangers, and Hookes ?  
Shall he not ? SVB. If he please. SVR. To be an Asse.  
SVB. How Sir ! MAM. This Gent'man, you must beare withall.  
I told you, he had no faith. SVR. And little hope, Sir,  
But, much lesse charitie, should I gull my selfe.  
SVB. Why what haue you obseru'd, Sir, in our Art,  
Seemes so impossible ? SVR. But your whole worke, no more.  
That, you should hatch Gold in a Fornace, Sir,  
As they doe egges in *Egypt*. SVB. Sir, doe you  
Beleue that egges are hatch'd so ? SVR. If I should ?  
SVB. Why, I thinke that the greater Miracle.  
No Egge, but differs from a Chicken, more,  
Then *Mettalls* in themselves. SVR. That cannot be.  
The *Eggs* ordain'd by *Nature*, to that end :  
And is a Chicken, in *Potentia*.  
SVB. The same we say of Lead, and other Mettalls,  
Which would be Gold, if they had time. MAM. And that  
Our Art doth furdre. SVB. I, for 'twere absurd

E

To

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

To thinke that *Nature*, in the earth, bred Gold  
Perfect i'the instant. Something went before.  
There must be *remote Matter*, SVR. I, what is that?  
SVR. Mary, we say. MAM. I, now it heates, stand Father.  
Pound him to Dust. SVR. It is, of the one part,  
A humide exhalation, which we call  
*Materia liquida*, or the *Vntuous Water* ;  
On th'other part, a certaine crasse, and viscous  
Portion of earth ; both which, concorporate,  
Doe make the *elementary matter* of Gold :  
Which is not, yet, *propria materia*,  
But *commune* to all Mettalls, and all Stones.  
For, where it is forsaken of that moysture,  
And hath more drynesse, it becomes a Stone ;  
Where it retaines more of the humid fatnesse,  
It turnes to *Sulphur*, or to *Quick-silver* :  
Who are the Parents of all other Mettalls.  
Nor can this *remote Matter*, sodainly,  
Progresse so from extreme, vnto extreme,  
As to grow Gold, and leape ore all the meanes.  
*Nature* doth, first, beget th'imperfect ; then  
Proceedes thence to the perfect. Of that ayrye,  
And oyley water, *Mercury* is engendred ;  
*Sulphure* o'the fat, and earthy part ; the one  
(Which is the last) supplying the place of *Male*,  
The other of the *Female*, in all Mettalls.  
Some doe belecue *Hermaphroditie*,  
That both doe act, and suffer. But these two  
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.  
And, euen in Gold, they are ; for we doe finde  
Seedes of them, by our fire, and Gold in them :  
And can produce the *species* of each metall  
More perfect thence, then *Nature* doth in earth.  
Beside, who doth not see, in dayly practise,  
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beerles, Waspes,  
Out of the Carcasses, and dung of Creatures ;

Yea,



# The *ALCHEMIST*.

Yea, Scorpions, of an herbe, being ritely plac'd,  
 And these are liuing Creatures, far more perfect,  
 And excellent, then Mettall. MAM. Well said, Father!  
 Nay, if he take you in hand, Sir, with an argument,  
 Hee'll bray you in a Morter. SVR. Pray you, Sir, stay:  
 Rather, then I'll be bray'd, Sir, I'll beleeue,  
 That *Alchemie* is a pretty kinde of Game,  
 Somewhat like Tricks o'the Cards, to cheat a man,  
 With charming. SVB. Sir? SVR. What else are all your *Termes*,  
 Whereon no one o' your *Writers* grees with other?  
 Of your *Elizir*, your *Lac virginis*,  
 Your *Stone*, your *Medicine*, and your *Chrysoferme*,  
 Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercurie*,  
 Your *Oyle of height*, your *Tree of life*, your *Blood*,  
 Your *Marchesite*, your *Tutic*, your *Magnesia*,  
 Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,  
 Your *Sonne*, your *Moone*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,  
 Your *Lato*, *Azoth*, *Zernick*, *Chibrit*, *Heantaris*,  
 And then your *Red man*, and your *white woman*,  
 With all your Broathes, your *Menstrues*, and *Materialls*,  
 Of Pitte, and Egge-shells, Womens termes, Mans blood,  
 Hayre o'the head, burnt Cloutes, Chalke, Merds, and Clay,  
 Poulder of bones, scalings of Iron, glasse,  
 And worlds of other strange *Ingredients*,  
 Would burst a man to name. SVB. And all these, nam'd,  
 Intending but one thing: ~~with~~ art our *Writers*  
 V'd to obscure their Art. MAM. Sir, so I told him.  
 Because the simple Idiot should not learne it,  
 And make it vulgar. SVB. Was not all the knowledge  
 Of the *Egyptians* writ in mystick *Symboles*?  
 Speake not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?  
 Are not the choysest *Fables* of the *Poets*,  
 That were the Fountaines, and first Springs of *Wisedome*,  
 Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? MAM. I vrg'd that.  
 And clear'd to him, that *Sisiphus* was damn'd  
 To roule the ceasselesse stone, onely, because

# The ALCHEMIST.

He would haue made ours common. Who is this ?

SVB. God's precious — What doe you meane ? Goe in, good Lady ;

Let me entreat you. Where's this Varler ? FAC. Sir ? } *Dol is* }  
} *seene.* }

SVB. You very knaue. Doe you vse mee, thus ? FAC. Wherein Sir ?

SVB. Goe in, and see, you traytor. Goe. MAM. who Is it, Sir ?

SVB. Nothing Sir. Nothing. MAM. What is the matter ? Good Sir ?

I haue not seene you thus distemp' red. Who is't ?

SVB. All *Artes* haue still had, Sir, their aduersaries,  
But ours the most ignorant. What now ?

FAC. 'Twas not my fault, Sir, she would speake with you.

SVB. Would she Sir ? Follow me. MAM. stay *Lungs*. FAC. I dare not Sir,

FAC. Stay man, what is she ? FAC. A Lords Sister, Sir.

MAM. How ! Pray thee stay ? FAC. She's mad Sir, & sent herther —  
(He'll be mad too. MAM. I warrant thee.) Why sent herher ?

FAC. Sir, to becur'd, SVB. Why Raskall ! FAC. Loe you. Here Sir.

MAM. 'Fore-God, a *Bradamante*, a braue piece !

SVB. Hart, this is a budy-House. I'll be burnt else.

MAM. O, by this light, no. Doe not wrong him. H's  
Too scrupulous, that way : It is his vice.

No, h's a rare Philition, doe him right.  
An excellent *Paracelsian* ! and has done

Strange cures with *minerall phisick*. He deales all  
With *spirits*, he. He will not heare a Word  
Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipee's*.

How now, *Lungs* ! FAC. Softly, Sir, speake softly. I meane  
To ha' told your Worship all. This must not heare,

MAM. No, he will not be gull'd ; let him alone.

FAC. Y'are very right. Sir. she is a most rare schollar :

And is gone mad, with studying *Broughtons* workes,

If you but name a word, touching the *Hebrew* ,  
She falls into her fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of *Genealogies*,

As you would runne mad, too, to heare her ; Sir,

MAM.

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

MAM. How might one doe t'haue conference with her, *Lungs?*

FAC. O, diuers haue runne mad vpon the Conference,

I doe not know, Sir: I am sent in hast,

To fetch a vial. SVR. Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.

MAM. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient SVR. Yes, as you are,  
And trust confederate Knaues, and Baudes and Whores.

MAM. You are too foule, belecue it Come here, *Zephyrus*.

One word, FAC. I dare not, in good faith. MAM. Stay, Knaue.

FAC. H's extreme angry, that you saw her, Sir.

MAM. Drinke that. What is she, when she's out of her fit?

FAC. O the most affablest Creature, Sir! so mery!

So pleasant! she'll mount you vp, like *quack-silver*,

*Over the helme*; and circulate, like *oyle*;

A very *Vegetall*: discourse of *State*,

Of *Mathematicques*, *Bantery*, any thing—

MAM. Is she now way accessible? no meanes,

Notrick, to giue a man a taile of her—

Will it? or so? FAC. I'll come to you againe, Sir.

MAM. *Serly*, I did not thinke, one o' your breeding

Would traduce personages of worth. SVR. Sir *Epicure*,

Your friend to vse. Yet, still, loth to be gull'd.

I doe not like your *Philosophicall* baudes.

Their *Stone* is lechery inough, to pay for,

Without this bayte MAM. 'Hart, you abuse your selfe.

I know the Lady, and her friends, and meanes,

The originall of this disauster. Her Brother

H'as told me all. SVR. And yet, you ne're saw her

Till now? MAM. O yes, but I forgot. I haue (belecue it)

One o' the treacheroust memories, I doe thinke,

Of all mankinde. SVR. What call you her Brother? MAM. My

Lord—

He w<sup>i</sup> not haue his name knowne now I thinke on't.

SVR. A very trecherous memory MAM. O my faith—

SVR. Tut if you ha' it not about you, passe it,

Till we meete next. MAM. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.

He's one I honour, and my noble friend,

## The ALCHEMIST.

And I respect his House. SVR. Hart ! Can it be,  
 That a graue Sir, a rich, that has no need,  
 A wife Sir, too, at other times. should thus  
 With his owne oathes, and arguments, make hard meanes  
 To gull himselfe ? And, this be your *Elixir*,  
 Your *Lapis Mineralis*, and your *Lunarie*,  
 Giue me your honest trick, yet, at *Primero*,  
 Or *Gleake* ; and take your *Lutum sapientis*,  
 Your *Menstruum simplex* : I'll haue Gold. before you,  
 And, with lesse danger of the Quick-siluer ;  
 Or the hot Sulphur. FAC. Here's one from Captaine *Face*, Sir,  
 Desires you meete him i'the *Temple-Church*,  
 Some halfe houre hence, and vpon earnest busines.  
 Sir, if you please to quit vs, now ; and come,  
 Againe, within two howers : You shall haue  
 My Master busie examining o'the workes,  
 And I will steale you in, vnto the party,  
 That you may see her Conuerse. Sir, Shall I say,  
 You'll meete the Captaines Worthip ? SVR. Sir, I will.  
 But, by Attorney. and to a second purpose.  
 Now, I am sure, it is a Bawdy-house ;  
 I'll sweare it, were the *Azarjale* here, to thank me.  
 The naming this Comuander, doth confirme it.  
*Don Face* ! Why, h'is the most autentique dealer  
 I'these Commodities ! The *Superintendent*  
 To all the queinter Traffiquers, in towne.  
 He is their *Usher*, and do's appoint  
 Wholies with whom ; and at what hower ; what price ;  
 Which gowne ; and in what smock ; what fall ; what tire.  
 Him will I proue, by a third person, to finde  
 The subtilties of this darke *Labyrinth* :  
 Which, if I doe discouer, deare ; Sir *Mammon*,  
 You'll giue your poore Friend leaue, though no *Philosopher*,  
 To laugh : for you that are. 'ris thought, shall weepe.  
 FAC. Sir. He do's pray, you'll not forget. SVR. I will not, Sir.

Sir

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Sir *Epicure*, I shall leave you. MAM. I follow you, freight.

FAC. But doe so, good Sir, to auoide suspicion.

This Gent'man has a par'lous head. MAM. But wilt thou Be constant to thy promise? FAC. As my life, Sir.

MAM. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise me? And say I am a Noble fellow? FAC. O what else, Sir?

And, that you'll make her royall, with the *Stone*,  
An *Empresse*; and your selfe King of *Bantam*.

MAM. Wilt thou doe this? FAC. Will I Sir? MAM. *Laughs*,  
my *Laughs*,

I loue thee. FAC. Send your stuffe Sir, that my Master  
May busie himselfe, about proiuction.

MAM. Th'ha'st witch'd me, Rogue: Take, Goe, FAC. Your lack  
and all Sir.

MAM. Thou art a Villaine — I will send my lack;  
And the weights too. Slaue, I could bite thine eare.

Away, thou dost not care for me. FAC. Not I Sir?

MAM. Come, I was borne to make thee, my good Weasell;  
Set thee on a bench: and, ha'thee twirle a Chaine

With the best Lords Vermine, of them all. FAC. Away Sir.

MAM. A *Count*, nay a *Count-Palatine* — FAC. Good Sir, goe.

MAM. Shall not aduance thee, better; no, nor faster.

### ACT. 2. SCENE. 4.

SVBTLE. FACE. DOL.

**H**As he bite? Has he bit? FAC. And swallow'd too, my *Subtle*?  
I ha' giu'n him line, and now he playes, I faith.

SVB. And shall we twitch him? FAC. Thorough both the gills.

A Wench is a rare bayt, with which a Man  
No sooner's taken, but he straight firkes mad.

SVB. *Dol*, my Lord *Wanachums* Sister, you must now  
Beare your selfe statelich. DOL. O, let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keepe my distance, laugh, and talke aloud;

Haue all the trickes of a proud sciruy Lady:

And

# The ALCHEMIST.

And be as rude 'as her woman. FAC. Well said, *Sanguine*.  
 SVB. But will he send his Andirons? FAC. His Iack too;  
 And's iron Shooing-horne. I ha'spoke to him. Well,  
 I must not loose my wary Gamster, yonder.  
 SVB. O *Monsieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?  
 FAC. I, if I can strike a fine hooke into him, now,  
 The *Temple-church*, there I haue cast mine angle.  
 Well, pray for me. I'll about it. SVB. What, more *Judgements*?  
*Dol*, scout, scout; stay *Face*, you must goe to the dore.  
 'Pray God, it be my *Anabaptist*. Who is't *Dol*?  
 DOL. I know him not. He lockes like a Gold-end man.  
 SVB. Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send. What call you him?  
 The *sanctified Elder*, that should deale  
 For *Mammons*, Iack, and Andirons! Let him in.  
 Stay, help me of, first, with my gowne. Away  
 Ma-dame, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now,  
 In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.  
 This fellow is sent, from one negotiates with me  
 About the stone, too; for the *holy Brethren*  
 Of *Amstredam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope  
 To raise their *discipline*, by it. I must vse him  
 In some strange fashon, now, to make him admire me.

## ACT. 2. SCENE. 5.

SVB. TLE. FACE. ANANIAS.

VV Here is my Drudge? FAC. Sir. SVB. Take away the  
 Recipient,  
 And rectifie your *Menstrue*, from the *Phlegma*.  
 Then poure it, 'o the *Sel*, in the Cucurbite,  
 And let 'hem macerate, together. FAC. Yes, Sir.  
 And saue the ground? SVB. No. *Terra damnata*  
 Must not haue entrance, in the worke. Who are you?  
 ANA. A *faithfull Brother*, if it please you. SVB. What's that?  
 A *Lullianist*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?  
 Can you *sublime*, and *dulcesse*? *calcine*?

Know

# The ALCHEMIST.

Know you the *saper pontick*? *saper stipstick*?  
 Or, what is *Homogene*, or *Heterogene*?  
 ANA. I vnderstand no *Heathen* language, truly.  
 SVB. *Heathen*, you *Knipper-doling*? Is *Ars sacra*,  
 Or *Chrysopæa*, or *Spagyrica*,  
 Or the *Pam:lyick*, or *Panarchick* knowledge,  
 A *Heathen* language? ANA. *Heathen Greeke*, I take it.  
 SVB. How? *Heathen Greeke*? ANA. All's *Heathen*, but the *Hebrew*.  
 SVB. Strah, my Varlet, stand you forth, and speake to him  
 Like a *Philosopher*: Answer, i'the language.  
 Name the vexations, and the Martyrizations  
 Of Mettalls, in the Worke. FAC. Sir, *Putrefaction*,  
*Solation*, *Adulation*, *Sublimation*,  
*Cobobation*, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and  
*Fixation*. SVB. This is *Heathen Greeke*, to you, now?  
 And when comes *Vinification*? FAC. After *Mortification*.  
 SVB. What's *Cobobation*? FAC. 'Tis the powring on  
 Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,  
 To the *trine circle* of the *semen speræ*.  
 SVB. What's the proper passion of Mettalls? FAC. *Malleation*.  
 SVB. What's your *Elumum supplicium auris*? FAC. *Antimonium*.  
 SVB. This's *Heathen Greeke*, to you? And, what's your *Mercurij*?  
 FAC. A very *Fugitive*, he will be gone, Sir.  
 SVB. How know you him? FAC. By his *viscositie*,  
 His *oleositie*, and his *suscubilitie*.  
 SVB. How do you *sublime* him? FAC. With the *calce of Egge-shells*,  
 White *Marble*, *Talck*. SVB. Your *Magisterium*, now?  
 What's that? FAC. Shifting, Sir, your *elements*,  
 Dry into cold, cold into moyst, moyst in-  
 To hot, hot into dry. SVB. This's *Heathen Greeke* to you, still?  
 Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? FAC. 'Tis a *Stone*, and not  
 A *Stone*, a *spirit*, a *soule*, and a *body*;  
 Which, if you doe *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*,  
 If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*.  
 If you make it to *flye*, it *flyeth*. SVB. Inough.  
 This's *Heathen Greeke*, to you? What are you Sir.

F

ANA.

# *The ALCHEMIST.*

ANA. Please you, a Seruant of the *exil'd Brethren*,  
 That deale with Widdowes, and with Orphanes goods;  
 And make a iust account, vnto the *Saints* :  
 A *Deacon*. SVB. O, you are sent from M<sup>r</sup>. *Wholſome*,  
 Your Teacher ? ANA. From *Tribulation Wholſome*,  
 Our very zealous *Pastor*. SVB. Good. I haue  
 Some Orphanes goods to come here. ANA. Of what kind, Sir ?  
 SVB. Pewer, and Brasse, Andirons, and Kitchin ware,  
 Mettalls, that we must vse our med'cine on :  
 Wherein the *Brethren* may haue a penn'orth.  
 For ready money. ANA. Were the Orphanes Parents  
*Sincere professors* ? SVB. Why doe you aske ? ANA. Because  
 We then are to deale iustly, and giue (in truth)  
 Their vtmost vawew. SVB. Slid, you'd colſen, else,  
 And, if their Parents were not of the *Faithfull* ?  
 I will not trust you, now I thinke on't,  
 Till I ha' talk'd with your *Pastor*. Ha' you brought money  
 To buy more Coales ? ANA. No ſurely. SVB. No ? How ſo ?  
 ANA. The *Brethren* bid me ſay vnto you, Sir.  
 Surely, they will not venter any more,  
 Till they may ſee *proiection*. SVB. How ! ANA. Yo' haue had,  
 For th' *Inſtruments*, as bricks, and ſome, and glaſſes,  
 Already thirty pound ; and, for *Materials*,  
 They ſay, ſome ninety more : And, they haue heard, ſince,  
 That one, at *Hiedelberg*, made it, of an Egge  
 And a ſmall paper of Pinne-duſt. SVB. What's your name ?  
 ANA My name is *Ananias*. SVB. Out, the Varlet  
 That colſend the *Ap-ſtles* ! Hence, away,  
 Flee *Miſchiefe* ; had your *holy Conſiſtory*  
 No name to ſend me, of another ſound ;  
 Then wicked *Ananias* ? Send your *Elders*,  
 Hiſher, to make atonement for you, quickly,  
 And gi' me ſatiſfaction ; or out goes  
 The fire : and downe th' *Alcembokes*, and the Fornace.  
*Piger Henricus*, or what not, Thou wretch,  
 Both *Sericon*, and *Buſe*, ſhall be loſt,

Tell



# The *ALCHEMIST*.

Tell 'hem. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,  
 Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,  
 If they stay three score minutes. The *Aqueitie*,  
*Terrestie*, and *Sulphureitie*  
 Shall runne together againe, and all be annull'd  
 Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'hem,  
 And make 'hem halt towards their gulling more.  
 A man must deale like a rough Nurse, and fright  
 Those, that are froward, to an appetite.

## ACT. 2. SCENE. 6.

FACE. SVBTL. DRUGGER.

**H**'is busie with his spirits, but we'll vpon him.  
 SVB. How now! What Mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?  
 FAC. I told you he would be furious. Sir, Here's *Nab*,  
 Has brought yo' another peece of Gold, to looke on :  
 (Weemust appease him. Giue it me) and prayes you  
 You would deuise (what is it *Nab*?) DRV. A signe, Sir.  
 FAC. I, a good lucky one, a thriving Signe, Doctor.  
 SVB. I was deuising now. FAC. 'Slight, doe not say so,  
 Hewill repent he ga' you any more.  
 What say you to his *Constellation*, Doctor?  
 The Ballance? SVB. No, that way is stale, and common.  
 A Townes-Man, borne in *Taurus*, giues the Bull;  
 Or the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.  
 A poore deuise. No. I will haue his Name  
 Form'd in some mystick *character*; whose *radij*,  
 Striking the senses of the passers by,  
 Shall, by a virtuall influence, breed affections,  
 That may result vpon the party ownes it :  
 As thus - FAC. *Nab*. SVB. He first shal haue a Bell, That's *Abells*  
 And, by it, standing one, whose name is *Dee*,  
 In a rugg Gowne; There's *D.* and *Rug*, that's *Drug* :  
 And, right anenst him, a *Dog* snarling *Er*;  
 There's *Drugg*, *Abel Drugg*. That's his signe.

F 2

And

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphick*,  
*Abel*, thou art made. *DAV.* Sir, I doe thanke his Worship.  
*FAC.* Sixe o'thy legges more, will not doe it, *Nab*.  
 He has brought you a pipe of *Tobacco*, *Doctor*. *DAV.* Yes, Sir.  
 I haue another thing, I would impart —  
*FAC.* Out with it *Nab*. *DAV.* Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me  
 A rich yong Widdow. *FAC.* Good! a *Bona roba*?  
*DAV.* But nineteene, at the most. *FAC.* Very good, *Abel*.  
*DAV.* Mary sh'is not in fashion, yet, she weares  
 A hood: but 't stands a cop. *FAC.* No matter *Abel*.  
*DAV.* And, I doe, now and then giue her a *fric*,  
*FAC.* What dost thou deale, *Nab*? *SVB.* I did tell you Captaine.  
*DAV.* And physick too sometime, Sir, for which she trusts me  
 With all her minde. Shee's come v<sup>p</sup> here, of purpose  
 To learne the fashion. *FAC.* Good, His match too! on *Nab*.  
*DAV.* And she do's strangely long to know her fortune.  
*FAC.* Gods lid, *Nab*! Send her to the Doctor, he ther.  
*DAV.* Yes, I haue spoke to her of his Worship, already:  
 But shee's afraid, it will be blowne abroad  
 And hurt her Marriage. *FAC.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way  
 To heale it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more  
 Follow'd and sought: *Nab*, thou shalt tell her this.  
 Shee'll be more knowne, more talk'd of, and your Widowes  
 Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;  
 Their Honour is their multitude of Sutors.  
 Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?  
 Thou dost not know. *DAV.* No, Sir, shee'll neuer marry  
 Vnder a Knight. Her brother has made a Vow.  
*FAC.* What, and dost thou despauce, my little *Nab*,  
 Knowing, what the Doctor has set downe for thee,  
 And seeing so many, o'the Citie, dub'd?  
 One Glasse o'thy water, with a *Madame* I know  
 Will haue it done *Nab*. What's her brother? a Knight?  
*DAV.* No, Sir, A Gentleman, newly warme in his land, Sir,  
 Scarfe cold in his one and twenty; that do's gouerne  
 His Sister, here: and is a Man himselfe

Of

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

Of some three thousand a yeere, and is come vp  
To learne to quarrell, and to liue by his wittes,  
And will goe downe againe, and dye i'the Countrey.

FAC. How ! to quarrell ? DAV. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrells,  
As Gallants doe, and manage 'hem, by line.

FAC. 'Slid *Nab*. The Doctor is the onely man  
In *Christendome* for him. He has made a *Table*,  
With *Mathematicall demonstrations*,  
Touching the *Art* of Quarrells. He will giue him  
An Instrument to quarrell by. Goe, bring 'hem, both ;  
Him, and his Sister. And, for thee, with her  
The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Goe to.  
'Shalt giue his Worship, a new Damaske suite  
Vpon the premisses. SVB. O good Captaine. FAC. He shall,  
He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Stay not,  
No offers, bring the Damaske, and the Parties.

DAV. I'll try my power, Sir. FAC. And thy will too, *Nab*.

SVB. 'Tis good *Tobacco* this ! What is't an ounce ?

FAC. Hee'll send you a pound, Doctor. SVB. O, no : FAC. Hee  
will do't.

It is the gooddest soule. *Abell* about it.  
(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)  
A miserable Rogue, and liues with Cheefe,  
And has the wormes. That was the cause indeed  
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in priuate,  
To get a med'cine for 'hem. SVB. And shall, Sir. This workes.  
FAC. A wife. a wife, for one on'vs, my deare *Subtle* :  
Wee'll eene draw lorst, and he, that fayles, shall haue  
The more in goods, the other has in tayle.

SVB. Rather the lesse. For she may be so light  
She may want graynes. FAC. I, or be such a burden,  
A man would scarce endure her, for the whole.  
SVB. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.  
FAC. Content But *D.* // must ha' no breath on't. SVB. Mum.

Away, you to your *W.* // yonder, Catch him.

FAC. 'Pray God I ha' not stayd too long. SVB. I feare it.

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

## ACT. 3. SCENE. I.

TRIBULATION. ANANIAS.

**T**Hese Chastisements are common to the *Saints*,  
And such rebukes th' *Elect* must beare, with patience;  
They are the exercises of the Spirit,  
And sent to tempt our frailties. ANA. In pure zeale,  
I doe not like the man: He is a *Heaiben*.  
And speakes the language of *Canaan*, truly.  
TRI. I thinke him a prophane person, indeed. ANA. He beares  
The visible marke of the *beast*, in his forehead.  
And for his *Stone*, it is a worke of darkness,  
And, with *Philosophie*, blinds the eyes of man.  
TRI. Good Brother, we must bend vnto all meanes,  
That may giue furtherance, to the *holy cause*.  
ANA. Which his cannot: The *sanctified cause*  
Should haue a *sanctified course*. TRI. Not alwaies necessary.  
The Children of perdition are, oft times,  
Made instruments euen of the greatest workes.  
Beside, we should giue somewhat to mans nature,  
The place he liues in, still about the Fire,  
And fume of Mettalls, that intoxicate  
The brayne of Man, and make him prone to passion.  
Where haue you greater *Asbeists*, then your Cookes?  
Or more prophane, or cholerick then your Glasse-men?  
More *Antichristian* then your Bell-founders?  
What makes the *Diuell* so diuelish, I would aske you,  
*Sathan*, our common enemy, but his being  
Perpetually about the fire, and boyling  
*Brimstone*, and *Arsnike*? We must giue, I say,  
Vnto the motiues, and the stirrers vp  
Of humors in the blood, It may be so;  
Whenas the *Worke* is done, the *Stone* is made,  
This heate of his may turne into a zeale,  
And stand vp for the *beautifull discipline*,

Against

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Against the menstruous cloth, and rag of *Rome*.  
 We must awayt his calling, and the coming  
 Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t' vpbraid him  
 With the *Brethrens* blessing of *Heidelberg*, waighing  
 What neede we haue, to hasten on the Worke,  
 For the restoring of the *silenc'd Saints*,  
 Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosophers Stone*.  
 And, so a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,  
 Alsur'd me; *Anrum potabile* being  
 The onely med'cine, for the ciuill *Magistrate*,  
 T'incline him to a feeling of the cause :  
 And must be dayly vs'd, in the disease.  
 ANA. I haue not ædified more, truely, by man;  
 Not, since the *beautifull light*, first, shone on mee:  
 And I am sad my zeale hath so offended.  
 TRI. Let vs call on him, then. ANA. The motion's good.  
 And of the Spirit; I will knock first: Peace be within.

### ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

SVBTEE. TRIBVLATION. ANANIAS.

O Are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes  
 Were at the last thred, you see. And, downe had gone  
*Furnus acedia, Turris circulatorius,*  
*Lembeke, Bolts-head, Retort, and Pellicane*  
 Had all beene cinders. Wicked *Ananias*!  
 Art thou return'd? Nay then it goes downe, yet.  
 TRI. Sir, be appeased, Hee is come to humble  
 Himselfe in Spirit, and to aske your patience,  
 If too much zeale hath carried him, aside.  
 From the due path. SVB. Why, this doth qualesie.  
 TRI. The *Brethren* had no purpose, verely,  
 To giue you the least greouance: but are ready  
 To lend their willing hands, to any proiect  
 The spirit, and you direct. SVB. This qualesies more.  
 TRI. And, for the Orphanes goods, let them be valew'd,

Or

## The ALCHEMIST.

Or what is needfull, else, to the holy Worke,  
It shall be numbred: Here, by me, the *Saints*  
Throw downe their purse before you. SVB. This qualifies, most.  
Why, thus it should be, now you vnderstand.  
Haue I discourf'd so vnto you, of our *Stone*?  
And, of the good that it shall bring your cause?  
Shew'd you. (beside the mayne of hiring forces  
Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your friends,  
From the *Indies*, to serue you, with all their Fleete)  
That euen the med'cinall vfe shall make you a faction,  
And party in the Realme. As, put the case,  
That some great Man, in state, he haue the Gout,  
Why. you but send three droppes of your *Elixir*,  
You help him straight: There you haue made a Friend.  
Another has the Palfey, or the Droplie,  
He takes of your incombustible stuffe,  
Hee's yong againe: There you haue made a Friend.  
A Lady, that is past the feate of body,  
Though not of minde, and hath her face decay'd  
Beyond all cure of painting; you restore  
With the Oyle of *Tul. k*: There you haue made a Friend.  
And all her friends. A Lord, that is a *Lieper*,  
A Knight, that has the bone-ache, or a Squire  
That hath both these. you make 'hem smooth, and sound,  
With a bare *fricace* of your medicine: Still,  
You increase your Friends. TRI. I, 'tis very pręgnant.  
SVB. And, then, the turning of this Lawyers pewter  
To plate, at *Christ-masse*. ANA. *Christ-side*, I pray you.  
SVB. Yet, *Ananias*? ANA. I haue done. SVB. Or changing  
His parcell guilt, to massy Gold. You cannot  
But raise you Friends. With all, to be of power  
To pay an armie, in the fi'ld; to buy  
The *King of France*, out of his Realmes; or *Spaine*,  
Out of his *Indies*: What can you not doe,  
Against Lords *Spiritua'll*, or *Temporall*,  
That shall oppone you? TRI. Verely, 'tis true.

We

## The ALCHEMIST.

We may be *temporall Lords*, our selues, I take it.

SVB. You may be any thing, and leaue of to make

Long-winded exercifes : or suck vp,

Your *ha*, and *hum*, in a tune. I not deny,

But fuch as are not graced, in a State,

May, for their endes, be aduerfe in Religion,

And get a tune to call the flocke together:

For (to lay footh) a tune do's much, with women,

And other phlegmatick people, It is your Bell.

ANA. Bells are prophane, a tune may be religious.

SVB. No warning with you? Then, farewell my patience.

'Slight, it fhall downe : I will not be thus tortur'd.

TRI. I pray you, Sir. SVB. All fhall perifh. I haue fpoke it.

TRI. Let me finde grace, Sir, in your eyes ; The man

He ftands corrected : neither did his zeale

(But as your felfe) allow a tune, fome-where.

Which, now, being to'ard the Stone, we fhall not need.

SVB. No, nor your holy vizard, to winne Widdowes

To giue you *Legacies* ; or make zealous Wiues

To rob their Husbands, for the *common caufe* ;

Nor take the ftart of Bandes, broke but one day,

And fay, *they were forfeited, by providence*.

Nor fhall you neede, ore night to eate huge meales,

To celebrate your next dayes faft the better:

The whilst the *Brethren*, and the *Sifters*, humbled,

Abate the ftiffenefle of the flefh ; Nor caft

Before your hungry hearers, fcrupulous bones,

As whether a *Chriftian* may hawke, or hunt ;

Or whether, *Matrons, of the holy Affembly*,

May lay their haire out, or weare doublets,

Or haue that Idol *Starch*, about their linnen.

ANA. It is indeed an Idoll. TRI. Minde him not, Sir.

I doe command thee, Spirit (of zeale, but trouble)

To peace within him. Pray you Sir, goe on.

SVB. Nor fhall you need to libell 'gainft the *Prelates*,

And fhorten fo your eares, againft the hearing

G

Of

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Of the next wire-drawne Grace. Nor, of necessity,  
 Rayle against plaves, to plecte the *Alderman*,  
 Whose dayly Cultard you deuoure. Nor lie  
 With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one  
 Of these so singular artes. Nor call your selues,  
 By names of *Tribulation*, *Persecution*,  
*Restraint*, *Long-Patience*, and such like, affected  
 By the whole Family, or Wood of you,  
 Onely for glory, and to catch the eare  
 Of the *Disciple*. TRI. Truly, Sir, they are  
 Wayes, that the *Godly Brethren* haue inuented,  
 For propagation of the *holy cause*,  
 As very notable meanes; and whereby, also,  
 Themselues grow soone, and profitably famous.  
 SVB. O, but the *Stone*, all's idle to it! nothing!  
 The art of *Angels*, *Natures* miracle,  
 The *diuine secret*, that doth flye in clouds,  
 From *East to West*: and whose Tradition  
 Is not from men but spirits. ANA. I hate *Traditions*.  
 I doe not trust 'hem. TRI. Peace. ANA. They are *Papist*, all.  
 I will not peace. I will not — TRI. *Ananias*.  
 ANA. Pleaseth the prophane, to greene the godly. I may not.  
 SVB. Well, *Ananias*. thou shalt ouercome.  
 TRI. It is an ignorant zeale, that haunts him, Sir.  
 But truly, else, a very faithfull *Brother*;  
 A Botcher: and a man, by reuelation,  
 That hath a competent knowledge of the Truth.  
 SVB. Has he a competent summe, there, i'the bagg,  
 To buy the goods, within? I am made Guardian,  
 And must, for Charitie, and Conscience sake,  
 Now, see the most benede, for my poore Orphane.  
 Though I desire the *Brethren*, too, good Gayners.  
 There, they are, within. When you haue view'd, & bought 'hem,  
 And tane the Inuentory of what they are,  
 They are ready for *protection*; there's no more  
 To doe; Cast on the *med'cine*: So much Siluer  
 As there is Tinne there, so much Gold as Brasse,

I'll



## The *ALCHEMIST*.

I'll gi't it you in, by waight. **TRI.** But how long time,  
 Sir, must the *Saints* expect, yet? **SVB.** Let me see,  
 How's the Moone, now? Eight, nine, ten dayes hence  
 He will be *Siluer potate*; then, three dayes,  
 Before he *citrone*: some fiftene dayes,  
 The *Magistersum* will be perfected.  
**ANA.** About the second day, of the third weeke,  
 In the ninth Month? **SVB.** Yes my good *Ananias*.  
**TRI.** What will the Orphanes goods arise to, thinke you?  
**SVB.** Some hundred Markes; as much as fill'd three Carres,  
 Vnloaded now: you shall make sixe millions of 'hem.  
 But I must ha' more coales laid in. **TRI.** How! **SVB.** Another load,  
 And then we ha' finish'd. We must now encrease  
 Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are past  
*Fimus equinus, Balnei, Cineris*,  
 And all those lenter heates. If the holy Purse  
 Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the *Saints*  
 Doe need a present summe; I haue trick  
 To melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,  
 And, with a tincture, make you as good *Dutch Dollers*,  
 As any are in *Holland*. **TRI.** Can you so?  
**SVB.** I, and shall bide the third examination.  
**ANA.** It will be ioyfull tidings to the *Brethren*.  
**SVB.** But you must cary it, secret. **TRI.** I, but stay,  
 This act of coyning, is it lawfull? **ANA.** Lawfull?  
 We know no Magistrate. Or, if we did,  
 This's forraine coyne. **SVB.** It is no coyning, Sir.  
 It is but casting, **TRI.** Ha? you distinguish well.  
 Casting of money may be lawfull. **ANA.** 'Tis, Sir.  
**TRI.** Truly, I take it so. **SVB.** There is no scruple  
 Sir, to be made of it; beleeue *Ananias*.  
 This case of conscience he is studied in.  
**TRI.** I'll make a question of it, to the *Brethren*.  
**ANA.** The *Brethren* shall approue it lawfull, doubt not.  
 Where shall't be done? **SVB.** For that wee'l talke, anone.  
 There's some to speake with me. Goe in, I pray you,

# The ALCHEMIST.

And viewe the parcels, That's the Inventory.  
I'll come to you straight. Who is it ? *Face* ? Appears.

## ACT. 3. SCENE. 3.

SVBTL. FACE. DOL.

**H**OW now ? Good prise ? *FAC.* Good poxe, Yond' costive  
Cheater,  
Neuer came on. *SVB.* How then ? *FAC.* I ha' walkt the round,  
Till now, and no such thing. *SVB.* And ha' you quit him ?  
*FAC.* Quit him ? and Hell would quit him too, he were happy.  
'Slight would you haue me stalke like a Mill-lade,  
All day, for one, that will not yeeld vs Graynes ?  
I know him of old. *SVB.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,  
Had beene a maystry. *FAC.* Let him goe, black Boy,  
And turne thee, that some fresh newes may possesse thee.  
A noble *Count*, a *Don of Spaine* (my deare  
Delicious compeere, and my party-baud)  
Who is come hether, priuate, for his Conscience,  
And brought munition with him, fixe great stopps,  
Bigger then three *Dutch* Hoighs, belide round trunks,  
Furnish'd with Pistolets, and Peeeces of eight,  
Will straight be here, my Rogue, to haue thy Bath  
That is the colour, and to make his battry  
Vpon our *Dol*, our Castle, our *Cinque-Port*,  
Our *Doner* Pire, our what thou wilt. Where is shee ?  
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linnen,  
The bath in chiefe, a banquet, and her wit,  
For she must seele his *Epiardims*.  
Where is the *Doxie* ? *SVB.* I'll send her to thee :  
And but dispatch my brace of little *John Leydens*,  
And come againe my selfe. *FAC.* Are they within then ?  
*SVB.* Numbring the summe. *FAC.* How much ? *SVB.* A hundred  
markes, boy.  
*FAC.* Why this's a lucky day. Ten pounds of *Mammon* ?  
Three o' my *Clarke*. A Portague o' my Grocer.

This

## The ALCHEMIST.

This o'the *Brethren*, beside *Reverfions*,  
And *States*, to come i'the *Widdow*, and my *Count*.  
My share, to day, will not be bought for forty — *DOL*. What ?

*FAC*. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou so neare ?

*DOL*. Yes, say *Lo* : *Generall*, how fares our *Campe* ?

*FAC*. As, with the few, that had entrench'd themselves  
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, *Dol* :

And laugh'd, within those trenches, and grew fat  
With thinking on the booties, *Dol*, brought in

Dayly, by their small parties. This deare hower,

A doughty *Don* is taken, with my *Doll* ;

And thou maist make his ranfome, what thou wilt,

My *'Dousabell* : He shall be brought here, fetter'd

With thy fayre lookes, before he see's thee, and throwne

In a Downe-bed, as darke as any *Dungeon* ;

Where thou shalt keepe him waking, with thy *Drum* ;

Thy *Drum*, my *Dol* ; thy *Drum* ; till he became

As the poore *Black-birds* were i'the great frost,

Or *Bees* are with a *balon* : and so hie him

I'the *Swan skin Couerlid*, and *cambrick Sheetes*,

Till he worke *Honey*, and *Waxe*, my little *Gods-guift*.

*DOL*. What is he, *Generall*. *FAC*. An *Adalantado*,

A *Grande*, *Girle*. Was not my *Dapper* here, yet ?

*DOL*. No, *FAC*. Nor my *Drugger* ? *DOL*. Neither. *FAC*. A poxe  
on 'hem,

They are so long a furnishing. Such *Stinkards*

Would not be scene, vpon these festiuall dayes.

How now ! ha'you done ? *SVB*. Done. They are gone. The summe

Is here in *Banque*, my *Face*. I would, we knew

Another *chapman*, now, would buy 'hem outright.

*FAC*. 'Slid, *Lab* shall doo't, against he ha' the *Widdow*,

To furnish lioufhould. *SVB*. Excellent well thought on,

Pray God, he come. *FAC*. I pray, he keepe away

Till our new buisinefse be o're-past. *SVB*. But, *Face*,

How cam'st thou, by this secret *Don* ? A *Spirit*

Brought me th'intelligence, in a paper, here,

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

As I was coniuring, yonder, in my Circle  
 For *Serly* : I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath  
 Is famous *Subtle*, by my meanes. Sweet *Dell*,  
 You must goe tune your Virginnall, no loosing  
 O'the least time. And, doe you heare ? good action.  
 First like a Flounder, kisse like a Scallop, close ;  
 And rickle him with thy Mother-tongue. His great  
*Peringo*-ship has not a iot of language:  
 So much the easier to be coslin'd, my *Dolly*.  
 He will come here, in a hir'd Coach, obscure,  
 And our owne Coachman, whom I haue sent, as Guide,  
 No creature else. Who's that ? *SVB.* It's not he ?  
*FAC.* O no, not yet this hower. *SVB.* Who is't ? *DOL. Dapper*,  
 Your Clarke. *FAC.* Gods will, then, *Queene of t acris*,  
 On with your tire ; and, Doctor, with your robes.  
 Lett's vs dispatch him, for Gods sake. *SVB.* 'Twill be long.  
*FAC.* I warrant you, take but the *Q<sup>ue</sup>*. I giue you,  
 It shall be briefe enough, 'Slight, here are more.  
*Abel*, and I thinke, the angry Boy, the Heyre,  
 That faine would quarrell. *SVB.* And the Widdow ? *FAC.* No,  
 Not that I see. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

### ACT. 3. SCENE. 4.

FACE. DAPPER. DRUGGER. KASTRIL.

**T**He Doctor is within, a mouing for you ;  
 I haue had the most adoe to winne him to it ;  
 He sweares, you'll be the Dearling o'the Dice :  
 He neuer heard her *Hignes* doate, till now.  
 Your Aunt has giu'n you the most gracious words,  
 That can be thought on. *DAP.* Shall I see her *Grace* ?  
*FAC.* See her, and kisse her too. What ? honest *Nab* !  
 Ha'st brought the Damaske ? *Nab.* No Sir, here's *Tobacco*.  
*FAC.* 'Tis Well done. Thou'lt bring the Damaske too ?  
*DRV.* Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captaine, Mr. *Kastrill*,  
 I haue brought to see the Doctor. *FAC.* Where's the Widdow ?  
*DRV.*

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

DAV. Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he sayes) shall come.

FAC. O, is it so ? Good time. Is your name *Kastrill*, Sir ?

KAS. I, and the best o' the *Kastrills*, I'lld be sory else,  
By fiftene hundred, a yeare. Where is this Doctor ?

My mad *Tobacco*-Boy, here, tells me of one,  
That can doe things. Has he any skill ? FAC. Wherein, Sir ?

KAS. To cary a bulines, manage a Quarrell, fayrely,  
Vpon fit termes. FAC. It seemes Sir, yo' are but yong  
About the towne, that can make that a question.

KAS. Sir, not so yong, but I haue heard some speech  
Of the angry Boyes, and seene 'hem take *Tobacco* ;  
And in his shop : and I can take it too.

And I would faine be one of 'hem, and goe downe  
And praetise i' the countrey. FAC. Sir, for the *Duello*,  
The Doctor, I assure you, shall informe you,

To the least shadow of a hayre : and shew you,  
An Instrument he has, of his owne making,  
Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report  
Of any Quarrell, but he will take the Height on't,  
Most instantly ; and tell in what Degree,  
Of safety it lies in, or mortalitie.

And, how it may be borne, whether in a *right line*,  
Or a *halfe-circle* ; or may, else, be cast  
Into an *angle blunt*, if not *acute* :

All this he will demonstrate. And then, Rules,  
To giue, and take the Lie, by. KAS. How ? to take it ?

FAC. Yes, in *oblique*, hee'll shew you ; or in *circle* :  
But neuer in *diameter*. The whole Towne

Study his *Theoremes*, and dispute them, ordinarily,  
At the eating *Academies*. KAS. But, dos he teach  
Liuing, by the Witts, too ? FAC. Any thing, what euer.

You cannot thinke that subtilty, but he reads it.  
He made me a Captaine ; I was a starke Pimpe,  
Iust o' your standing, 'fore I met with him :  
It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method.  
First, Hee will enter you, at some Ordinarie.

KAS.

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

KAS. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me. FAC. For why, Sir?

KAS. There's gaming there, and tricks. FAC. Why, would you be A Gallant, and not game? KAS. I, 'twill spend a man.

FAC. Spend you? It will repayre you, when you are spent.

How doe they liue by their wits, there, that haue vented Sixe times your fortunes? KAS. What, three thousand a yeare?

FAC. I, forty thousand. KAS. Are there such? FAC. I Sir.

And Gallants, yet. Here's a yong Gentleman,

Is borne to nothing, forty markes a yeare,

Which I count nothing. H's to be initiated,

And haue a *Flye* o'the Doctor. He will winne you

By vnrefistable luck, within this fortnight,

Inough to buy a *Barony*. They will set him

Vpinost, at the *Groome-Porters*, all the *Christmasse*.

And, for the whole yeare through, at euery place,

Where there is play, present him with the Chayre,

The best attendance, the best drinke, sometimes

Two glalles of *Canarie*, and pay nothing;

The purest linnen, and the sharpest knife,

The Partrich next his trencher: and, somewhere,

The dainty bed, in priuate, with the Dainty.

You shall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,

As Play-houes for a *Poet*; and the Master

Pray him, aloud, to name what Dish he affects,

Which must be butterd Shrimpes: and those, that drinke

To no mouth else, will drinke to his, as being

The goodly *President-Mouth* of all the boord.

KAS. Doe you not gull one? FAC. God's my life! Doe you thinke it?

You shall haue a cast Commander, can but get

In credit with a Glouer, or a Spurrier,

For sometwo payre. of eythers ware, afore-hand,

Will, by most switt posts, dealing with him,

Arriue at competent meanes, to keepe himselfe,

His Punke, and naked Boy, in excellent fashion.

And

## *The* **ALCHEMIST.**

And be admir'd for't. **KAS.** Will the Doctor teach this?

**FAC.** He will doe more, Sir, when your Land is gone,  
(As men of Spirit hate to keepe earth long)  
In a Vacation, when small money is stirring,  
And Ordinaries suspended till the *Termes*,  
Hee'll shew a *Perspectiue*, where on one side  
You shall behold the faces, and the persons  
Of all sufficient yong Heyres, in towne,  
Whose bonds are currant for commoditie;  
On th'other side, the Merchants formes, and others,  
That, without help of any second Broker,  
(Who would expect a share) will trust such parcells:  
In the third square, the very streete, and signe  
Where the Commoditie dwels, and do's but wait  
To be deliuer'd, be it Pepper, Sope,  
Hopps, or *Tobacco*, Ote-meale, Woad, or Cheeses.  
All which you may so handle, to enioy,  
To your owne vse, and neuer stand oblig'd.

**KAS.** I faith! Is he such a fellow? **FAC.** Why, *Nab* here knowes him.

And then for making matches, for rich Widdowes,  
Yong Gentlewomen, Heyres, the fortunat'st Man!  
Hee's sent too farre, and neare, all ouer *England*  
To haue his counsell, and to know their Fortunes.

**KAS.** Gods will, my Suster shall see him. **FAC.** I'll tell you, Sir,  
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a strange thing,  
(By the way you must eate no Cheese, *Nab*, it breedes Melancholy:

And that same Melancholy breedes wormes) but passe it,  
He told me honest *Nab*, here, was ne'er at *Tauerne*,  
But once in's life. **DRV.** Truth, and no more I was not.

**FAC.** And, then he was so sick—**DRV.** Could he tell you that, too?

**FAC.** How should I know it? **DRV.** In troth wee had beene a shooting,

And had a peece of fat Ram-Mutton, to supper,  
That lay so heauy o'my stomack—**FAC.** And he has no head

H

To

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

To beare any Wine, for, what with the noyse o'the Fiddlers,  
And care of his shop, for he dares keepe no Seruants —

DRV. My head did soake -- FAC. As he was faine to be brought  
home,

The Doctor told me. And then a good Old Woman —

DRV. (Yes faith she dwels in *Seacale-lane*) did cure me,

With sodden Ale, and Pellitorie o'the Wall;

Cost me but two pence. I had another sicknelle,

Was worse then that. FAC. I, that was with the grieke

Thou took it for bring least at eightene pence,

For the water-woke. DRV. In truth and it was like

T'haue cost me almost my life. FAC. Thy layre went off?

DRV. Yes, Sir, twas done for spight. FAC. Nay, to saye the  
Doctor.

KAS. Pray thee *Tobacco-Boy*, Goe fetch my Suster,

I'll see this learned Boy, before I goe:

And so shall she. FAC. Sir, he is bulie now:

But, if you haue a Sister to fetch hether,

Perhaps, your owne paines may command her sooner;

And he, by that time, will be free. KAS. I goe, Sir.

FAC. *Drugges*, shee's thine; the *Damaske. Subtle*, and I

Must wastle for her. Come on, M<sup>r</sup>. *Dapper*.

You see, how I turne Clients, here, away,

To giue your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd

The ceremonies were inioyn'd you? DAP. Yes, o'the Vinegar,

And the cleane shirt. FAC. 'Tis well: that shirt may doe you

More Worship then you thinke. Your Aunt's a fire

But that she will not shew it, t'haue a fight on you.

Ha' you provided for her *Graces* Seruants?

DAP. Yes. here are six-score *Edward* shillings. FAC. Good.

DAP. And an old *Harry's* Soueraigne. FAC. Very good.

DAP. And three *James* shillings, and an *Elizabeth* groat,

Iust twenty nobles. FAC. O, you are too iust.

I would you had had the other Noble in *Maries*.

DAP. I haue some *Philip* and *Maries*. FAC. I those same

Are best of all. Where are they? Hearke, the Doctor.

ACT.



# The ALCHEMIST.

## ACT. 3. SCENE. 5.

SVBTL. FACE. DAPPER. DOL.

**I**S yet her *Graces* Collen come? **FAE.** He is come.  
**SVB.** And is he fasting? **FAE.** Yes. **SVB.** And hath cry'd *Hum*?  
**FAE.** Thrife, you must answer. **DAP.** Thrife. **SVB.** And as oft  
*Buz*?

**FAE.** If you haue, say. **DAP.** I haue. **SVB.** Then, to her Cuz,  
Hoping, that he hath vinegard his senses,  
As he was bid, the *Fairy Quene* dispences,  
By me, this Robe, the Petticoate of *Fortune*;  
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.  
And though to *Fortune* neere be her Petticoate,  
Yet, nearer is her Smock, the *Quene* doth note:  
And, therefore, euen of that a piece she hath sent,  
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in, was rent;  
And prayes him, for a scarfe, he now will weare it  
(With as much loue, as then her *Grace* did teare it)  
About his eyes, to shew, he is fortunate.

And, trusting vnto her to make his State,  
Hee'll throw away all worldly pelfe, about him;  
Which that hee will performe, she doth not doubt him.  
**FAE.** She need not doubt him, Sir. Alasse, he has nothing,  
But what he will part withall, as willingly,  
Vpon her *Graces* word (Throw away your purse)  
As she would aske it, (hand kerchiefes, and all)  
She cannot bid that thing, but hee'll obey.

If you haue a Ring, about you, cast it off,  
Or a siluer scale, at your wrist, her *Grace* will send  
Her *Faeries* here to search you, therefore deale  
Directly with her *Highbesse*. If they finde  
That you conceale a mite, you are vndone.

**DAP.** Truly ther's all. **FAE.** All what? **DAP.** My money, truly.  
**FAE.** Keepe nothing, that is transitorie, about you.  
Bid *Dol* play musique. Look, the *Elues* are come  
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

H 2

**DAP.**

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

DAP. O, I haue a paper with a Spur riall in't. FAC. *Ti, ti,*  
 They knew't, they say. SVB. *Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.  
 FAC. *Ti, ti, ti, ti* I' the other pocket? SVB. *Titi, titi, titi, titi.*  
 They must pinch him, or he will neuer confesse, they say.  
 DAP. O, ô. FAC. Nay, 'pray you hold. Hee is her *Graces* Ne-  
 phew.

*Titi ti?* What care you? Good faith, you shall care.  
 Deale plainly, Sir, and shame the *Faeries*. Shew  
 You are an Innocent. DAP. By this good light, I ha' nothing,  
 SVB. *Titi ti, titi to ta.* He dos æquiocate, she sayes:  
*Ti, ti do ti, titi do, tida.* And sweares by the light, when he is  
 blinded.

DAP. By this good darke, I ha' nothing but a halfe-Crowne  
 Of Gold, about my wrist, that my Loue gaue me;  
 And a leaden Heart I wore, sin' she forooke me.

FAC. I thought, 'twas something. And, would you incurre  
 Your Aunts displeasure for these trifles? Come  
 I had rather you had throwne away twenty halfe-crownes.  
 You may weare your leaden Heart still. How now?  
 SVB. What newes, *Dol?* DOL. Yonders your Knight, Sir  
*Mammon.*

FAC. Gods lid, We neuer thought of him, till now.  
 Where is hee? DOL. Here, hard by. H'is at the doore.  
 SVB. And, you are not ready, now? *Dol,* get his suite.  
 He must not be sent back. FAC. O by no means.  
 What shall we doe with this same Puffin, here,  
 Now hee's o'the Spit? SVB. Why lay him backe a while,  
 With some deuise, *Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti.* Would her *Grace* speake with  
 me?

I come. Help *Dol.* FAC. Who's there? Sir *Epicure*;  
 My Master's i'the way. Please you to walke  
 Three or foure turnes, but till his back be turn'd,  
 And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* SVB. Her *Grace*  
 Commends her kindly to you, Mr. *Dapper.*

DAP. I long to see her *Grace.* SVB. She, now, is set  
 At Dinner, in her bed; and she has sent you,  
 From her owne priuate trencher, a dead Mousc,

And

## The ALCHEMIST.

And a piece of Ginger-bread, to be mery withall,  
 And stay your stomacke, leaft you faint with fasting.  
 Yer, if you could hold out, till the law you, the lawes,  
 It would be better for you. FAC. Sir, He shall  
 Hold out, and 'twere this two howers, for her *Highbnes* ;  
 I can assure you that. We will not loose  
 All we ha' done. SVB. He must nor see, nor speake  
 To any body, till then. FAC. For that, we'll put Sir,  
 A stay in 'is mouth. SVB. Of what ? FAC. Of Ginger-bread.  
 Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace*,  
 Thus farre, shall not now crinkle, for a little.  
 Gape Sir, and let him fit you. SVB. Where shall we now  
 Bestow him ? DOL. I' the Priuy. SVB. Come along, Sir  
 I now must shew you *Fortunes* priuy lodgings.  
 FAC. Are they perfum'd ? and his bath ready ? SVB. All.  
 Onely the *Fumigation's* somewhat strong.  
 FAC. Sir *Epicure*,, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

### ACT. 4. SCENE. 1.

FACE. MAMMON. DOL.

O Sir, yo'are come i' the onely, finest time —  
 MAM. Where's Master ? FAC. Now preparing for pro-  
 iection, Sir.  
 Your stuffe will b' all chang'd shortly. MAM. Into Gold ?  
 FAC. To Gold, and Siluer, Sir. MAM. Siluer I care not for.  
 FAC. Yes Sir, a little to giue Beggars. MAM. Where's the Lady ?  
 FAC. At hand, here. I ha' told her such braue things, on you,  
 Touching your bounty & your noble Spirit. MAM. Hast thou ?  
 FAC. As she is almost in her fit to see you.  
 But, good Sir, no *Diuinitie* i' your conference  
 For feare of putting her in rage. MAM. I warrant thee.  
 FAC. Sixe men will not hold her downe. And, then  
 If the Old man should heare, or see you. MAM. Feare not.  
 FAC. The very Houfe, Sir, would runne madd. You know it  
 How scrupulous he is, and violent,  
 'Gainst the least act of sinne. *Physick*, or *Maibematiques*,  
*Poetry*,

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

*Poetry, State, or Beauty* (as I told you)  
 She will endure and neuer startle : But  
 No word of Controuertie. MAM. I am school'd, good *Lungs*.  
 FAC. And you must praise her House, remember that,  
 And her Nobilitie MAM. Let me, alone :  
 No *Heraid*, no nor *Ausignarie, Lungs*,  
 Shall doe it better. Goe. FAC. Why this is yet  
 A kinde of *moderne happinesse*, to haue  
*Dolcommon* for a great Lady. MAM. Now, *Epicure*,  
 Heighten thy selfe, talke to her, all in Gold ;  
 Rayne her as many showers, as *Ioke* did dropps  
 Vnto his *Dance*, : Shew the *God's* a Mistr,  
 Compa'rd with *Mammon*. What ? the *Stone* will do't.  
 She shall feele Gold, tast Gold, heare Gold, sleepe Gold :  
 Nay, we will *concumbers* Gold. I will be puissant,  
 And mighty in my talke to her. Here she comes.  
 FAC. To him, *Dol*, suckle him. This is the noble Knight,  
 I told your Ladiship. MAM. Madame, with your pardon,  
 I kisse your vesture. DOL. Sir, I were vnciuill  
 If I would suffer that. my lip to you, Sir.  
 MAM. I hope, my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady ?  
 DOL. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.  
 FAC. Well said my *Guiny-Bird*. MAM. Right noble Madam —  
 FAC. O, we shall haue most fierce Idolatry !  
 MAM. 'Tis your Prerogatiue. DOL. Rather your Courtesie.  
 MAM. Were there nought else in large your vertues, to me,  
 These answeres speake your breeding, and your blood.  
 DOL. Blood wee boast none, Sir a poore *Baron's* Daughter.  
 MAM. Poore, and gat you ? Prophane not, had your Father  
 Slept all the happy remnant of his life  
 After that act, lien but there still, and panted,  
 H' had done inough, to make himselfe, his issue,  
 And his posteritie noble. DOL. Sir, although  
 We may be said to want the guilt, and trappings,  
 The dresse of *Honor* ; yet we strue to keepe.  
 The feedes, and the *Materialls*. MAM. I doe see  
 The old *Ingredient*, Vertue, was not lost,

Nor

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Nor the *Drug*, Money, vs'd to make your compound.

There is a strange Nobilitie, i' your eye ;

This lip, that chinne. Me thinkes you doe resemble

One o'the *Austriack* Princes. FAC. Very like,

Her Father was an *Irish* Colster-monger.

MAM. The house of *Valois*, iust, had such a Nose ;

And such a Fore-head, yet, the *Medici*

Of *Florence* boast. DOL. Troth, and I haue beene lik'ned

To all these *Princes*. FAC. I'll be sworne, I heard it.

MAM. I know not, how ; It is not any one,

But e'en the very choise of all their features.

FAC. I'll in, and laugh. MAM. A certaine touch, or ayre,

That sparkles a diuinitie, beyond

An earthly beauty. DOL. O, you play the Courtier.

MAM. Good Lady, gi' me leaue. DOL. In faith, I may not,

To mock me, Sir. MAM. To burne i' this sweet flame :

The *Phoenix* neuer knew a nobler death.

DOL. Nay, now you court, the Courtier, and destroy

What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words,

Calls your whole faith in question. MAM. By my soule —

DOL. Nay. Othes are made o'the same ayre, Sir. MAM. *Nature*

Neuer bestow'd vpon mortalitie,

A more vnblam'd, a more harmonious feature :

She play'd the Step-dame in all faces, else.

Sweet Madame, le' me be particular.

DOL. Particular, Sir? I pray you know your distance.

MAM. In no ill sence, sweet Lady, but to aske

How your fayre *Graces* passe the howers? I see

Yo' are lodg'd, here, i' the house of a rare man,

An excellent Artift ; But, what's that to you?

DOL. Yes, Sir. I study here the *Mathematicques*,

And *distillation*. MAM. O, I cry your pardon.

H'is a Diuine Instructer, can extract

The soules of all things, by his art, call all

The vertues, and the miracles of the *Sunne*,

Into a temperate fornace : teach dull *Nature*

What her owne forces are. A man, the *Emp'rour*

Has

## The ALCHEMIST.

Has courted, about *Kelley* : sent his medalls,  
And chaines, t'invite him. DOL. I, and for his *Physick*, Sir.  
MAM. About the art of *Æsculapius*,  
That drew the enuy of the *Thunderer*.  
I know all this, and more. DOL. Troth, I am taken, Sir,  
Whole, with these studies, that contemplate *Nature* :  
MAM. It is a noble Humor. But, this forme  
Was not entended to so darke a vse.  
Had you beene crooked, foule, of some course mould,  
A Cloyster, had done well : but, such a feature  
That might stand vpon the Glory of a Kingdome  
To liue recluse : is a mere *solacisme*,  
Though in a *Nunne*. y. It must not be.  
I muse, my Lord your Brother will permit it :  
You should spend halfe my Land first, were I hee.  
Does not this Diamant better, on my finger,  
Then t' the quair ? DOL. Yes. MAM. Why you are like it.  
You were created, Lady, for light.  
Heere, You shall weare it ; take it, the first pledge  
Of what I speake : to binde you, to belecue me.  
DOL. In chaines of Adamant ? MAM. Yes, the strongest bands :  
And take a secret, too. Here, by your side,  
Doth stand, this hower, the happiest man, of *Europe*.  
DOL. You are contented, Sir ? MAM. Nay, in true being :  
The enuy of *Princes*, and the feare of *States*.  
DOL. Say you so, Sir *Epicure* ? MAM. Yes, and thou shalt  
proue it,  
Daughter of Honor. I haue cast mine eye  
Vpon thy forme, and I will reare this beauty,  
About all Stiles. DOL. You meane not treason, Sir ?  
MAM. No, I will take away that ieaousie.  
I am the Lord, of the *Philosophers Stone*,  
And thou the Lady. DOL. How Sir, ha' you that ?  
MAM. I am the Master of the *Masfry*.  
This day, the good Old wretch, here, o' the house  
Has made it for vs. Now, hee's at *proiection*.  
Thinke therefore, thy first wish, now ; Let me heare it :  
And,

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

And it shall raine into thy lap, no shower,  
But floods of Gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,  
To get a Nation on thee. DO L. You are pleas'd, Sir,  
To worke on the ambition of our sexe.

MAM. I am pleas'd, the Glory of her sexe should know,  
This nooke, here, of the *Friers*, is no climate  
For her, to liue obscurely in, to learne  
*Physick* and *Surgery*, for the Constables wife  
Of some odde Hundred in *Essex*; but come forth,  
And tast the ayre of *Palaces*, eate, drinke  
The toyles of *Empricks*, and their boasted practise:  
Tincture of Pearle, and Corall, Gold, and Amber;  
Be scene at Feasts, and Triumphs; haue it ask'd,  
What Miracle she is? set all the Eyes  
Of *Couri* a fire, like a burning Glasse,  
And worke 'hem into cinders; when the iewels  
Of twenty *States* adorne thee; and the light  
Strikes out the Starres; that, when thy name is mention'd,  
*Queenes* may looke pale: and, we, but shewing our loue,  
*Nero's Poppæa* may be lost in story.

Thus will we haue it. DO L. I could well consent, Sir.  
But, in a *Monarchy*, how will this be?

The *Prince* will soone take notice, and both seize  
You, and your *Stone*, it being a wealth vnfit  
For any priuate subiect. MAM. If he knew it.

DO L. Your selfe do boast it, Sir. MAM. To thee, my Life.

DO L. O, but beware, Sir. You may come to end  
The remnant of your dayes, in a loth'd prison,  
By speaking of it. MAM. 'Tis no idle feare.

Wee'll therefore goe with all, my Girle, and liue  
In a free *State*, where wee will eate our Mullers,  
Sou'd in high-countrey Wines, sup Pheasants egges,  
And haue our Cockles, boyld in Siluer shells,  
Our Shrimpes to swim again. as when they liu'd,  
In a rare butter, made of Dolphins milke,  
Whose cream do's looke like Opalls: And, with these  
Delicate meates, set our selues high for pleasure;

I

And

## *The ALCHEMIST.*

And take vs downe againe; and then renew  
 Our youth, and strength, with drinking the *Elixir*;  
 And so enjoy a perpetuitie  
 Of life, and lust. And thou shalt ha' thy Wardrobe,  
 Richer then *Natures*, still, to change thy selfe,  
 And vary o'tner, for thy pride, then thee:  
 Or *Art*, her wife, and almost æquall seruant.  
 FAC. Sir, you are too loud. I heare you, euery word,  
 Into the *Laboratory*: some fitter place,  
 The Garden, or great Chamber aboue. How like you her?  
 MAM. Excellent, *Lungs*. There's for thee. FAC. But, doe you  
 heare?  
 Good Sir beware, no mention of the *Rabbines*.  
 MAM. We thinke not on 'hem. FAC. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle* —

### ACT. 4. SCENE. 2.

FACE. SVBTLE. KASTRIL. DAME PLIANT.

**D**Ost thou not laugh? SVB. Yes. Are they gone? FAC. All's  
 cleare.  
 SVB. The Widdow is come. FAC. And your quarrelling Disciple?  
 SVB. I. FAC. I must to my Captaine-ship againe, then.  
 SVB. Stay, Bring 'hem in, first. FAC. So I meant. What is she?  
 A *Bony-Bell*? SVB. I know not. FAC. We'll draw lotts,  
 You'll stand to that? SVB. What else? FAC. O, for a suite,  
 To fall now, like a Curtine: Flap. SVB. To th'dore, man.  
 FAC. You'll ha' the first kisse, 'cause I am not ready.  
 SVB. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrills.  
 FAC. Who would you speake with? KAS. Where's the Captaine?  
 FAC. Gone, Sir.  
 About some busines. KAS. Gone? FAC. Hee'l returne straight.  
 But Mr. Doctor his Lieutenant, is here.  
 SVB. Come nere, my Worshipfull Boy, my *Terra Fili*,  
 That is, my Boy of Land; Make thy approaches:  
 Welcome. I know thy lusts, and thy desires,  
 And I will serue, and satisfie 'hem. Beginne.  
 Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

Here's



## The ALCHEMIST.

Here is my Center : Ground thy Quarrell. KAS. You lie.  
 SVB. How, Child of wrath, and anger ! The loud lie ?  
 For what, my sodaine Boy ? KAS. Nay, that looke you too ;  
 I am afore-hand. SVB. O, this's no true *Grammar*,  
 And as ill *Logick*. You must render causes, Child,  
 Your *first*, and *second Intensions*, know your *Canons*,  
 And your *Dimisions*, *Moodas*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,  
 Your *Pradicaments*, *Substance*, and *Accidents*,  
*Series externe*, and *interne*, with their *causes*  
*Efficient*, *materiall*, *formall*, *finall*,  
 And ha' your *elements* perfect. KAS. What is this  
 The angry tongue he talkes in ? SVB. That false precept,  
 Of being aforehand, has deceiv'd a number ;  
 And made 'hem enter Quarrells, oftentimes,  
 Before they were aware : and afterward,  
 Against their wills. KAS. How must I doe then, Sir ?  
 SVB. I cry this Lady mercy. She should, first,  
 Haue been saluted. I doe call you Lady,  
 Because you are to be one, ere't be long,  
 My soft, and buxome Widdow. KAS. Is she, i-faith ?  
 SVB. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.  
 KAS. How know you ? SVB. By inspection, on her forehead ;  
 An' subtiltie of her lip, which must be tasted  
 Often, to make a iudgement. 'Slight, she melts  
 Like a *Myrobalane* ! Here is, yet, a line  
 In *rino frontis*, tels me, he is no Knight.  
 PLI. What is he then, Sir ? SVB. Let me see your Hand.  
 O, your *Linea Fortuna* makes it plaine ;  
 And *Stella*, here, in *Monte veneris* :  
 But, most of all, *Iunctura annularis*.  
 He is a Souldier, or a Man of Art, Lady :  
 But shall haue some great honour, shortly. PLI. Brother,  
 He's a rare man, beleeue me. KAS. Hold your peace.  
 Here comes the tother rare man. 'Sauc you Captayne.  
 FAC. Good M<sup>r</sup>. *Kastril*. Is this your Sister ? KAS. I Sir.  
 Please you to kisse her, and be proud to know her ?  
 FAC. I shall be proud to know you, Lady. PLI. Brother,

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Hecails me Lady, too. KAS. I, peace. I, heard it.  
 FAC. The *Couni* is come. SVB. Where is he? FAC. At the dore.  
 SVB. Why, you must entertaine him. FAC. What'll you doe  
 With these the while? SVB. Why, haue 'hem vp, and shew 'hem  
 Some Fustian Booke, or the Darke Glasse. FAC. 'Fore God,  
 She is a delicate Dab-chick! I must haue her.  
 SVB. Must, you? I, if your fortune will, you must.  
 Come Sir, the Captaine will come to vs presently.  
 I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonstrations*,  
 Where I'll shew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,  
 And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling, my whole method,  
 Drawne out in Tables, and my Instrument,  
 That hath the seuerall Scale vpon 't, shall make you  
 Able to quarrell, at a strawes breadth, by *Moone*-light.  
 And, Lady, I'll haue you looke in a Glasse,  
 Some halfe an hower, but to cleare your eye-sight,  
 Against you see your Fortune, which is greater,  
 Then I may iudge vpon the sodaine, trust mee.

### ACT. 4. SCENE. 3.

FACE. SVB TLE. SVRLY.

**W**Here are you, Doctor? SVB. I'll come to you presently.  
 FAC. I will ha' this same Widdow, now I ha' seene her,  
 On any composition. SVB.. What doe you say?  
 FAC. Ha' you dispos'd of them? SVB. I ha' sent 'hem vp.  
 FAC. *Subtle*, in troth, I needs must haue this Widdow.  
 SVB. Is that the matter? FAC. Nay, but heare me. SVB. Goe to  
 If you rebell once, *Dol* shall know it all.  
 Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.  
 FAC. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but conceiue,  
 Thou art old, and canst not serue — SVB. Who, can not I?  
 Shlood, I will serue her with thee, for a — FAC. Nay,  
 But vnderstand: I'll giue you composition.  
 SVB. I will not treat with thee: what, sell my Fortune?  
 'Tis better then my Birth-right. Doe not murmure.  
 Winne her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*

Knowes

## The ALCHEMIST.

Knowes it directly. FAC. Well Sir, I am silent.  
 Will you goe help, to fetch in *Don*, in state?  
 SVB. I follow you Sir, we must keepe *Face* in awe,  
 Or he will ouer-look vs like a Tyranne.  
 Braine of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don Ion*!  
 SVR. *Sennores, beso las manos, à vuestras mercedes.*  
 SVB. Would you had stoup'd a little, and kist our *anos*.  
 FAC. Peace *Subtle*. SVB. Stab me; I shall neuer hold, man.  
 He lookes in that deepe Ruffe, like a Head in a platter,  
 Seru'd in by a short Cloke vpon two tressils.  
 FAC. Or, what doe you say to a Collar of Brawne, cut downe  
 Beneath the Soufe, and wriggled with a knife?  
 SVB. 'Slud, he do's looke too fat to be a *Spaniard*.  
 FAC. Perhaps some *Fleming*, or some *Hollander* got him  
 In *U'slud*'s time: *Count Egmonts* Bastard. SVB. *Don*,  
 Your sciruy, yellow *Madrid* face is welcome.  
 SVR. *Gracias*. SVB. He speakes, out of a Fortification.  
 'Pray God, He ha' no squibs in those deepe sets.  
 SVR. *Por Dios, Sennores, muy linda Casa!*  
 SVB. What sayes he? FAC. Praises the house, I thinke,  
 I know no more But's action. SVB. Yes, the *Casa*,  
 My precious *Diego*, will proue sayre inough,  
 To colfen you in. Doe you marke? you shall  
 Be colfened, *Diego*. FAC. Colfened, doe you see?  
 My worthy *Donzel*, Colfened. SVR. *Entiendo*.  
 SVB. Do you intend it? So doe we deare *Don*.  
 Haue you brought Pistolets? or Portagues?  
 My solemne *Don*? Dost thou feele any? FAC. Full.  
 SVB. You shall be emptied, *Don*; pumped, and drawne,  
 Dry, as they say. FAC. Milked. in troth, sweet *Don*.  
 SVB. See all the Monsters; the great Lion of all, *Don*.  
 SVR. *Conscencia, se puede ver a esta Sennora?*  
 SVB. What talkes he now? FAC. O the *Sennora*. SVB. O, *Don*,  
 That is the Lionesse, which you shall see  
 Also, my *Don*. FAC. 'Slid, *Subtle*, how shall we doe?  
 SVB. For what? FAC. Why, *Dol's* employ'd, you know. SVB. That's  
 true.

Fore

## *The ALCHEMIST.*

'Fore heau'n I know not : He must stay, that's all.  
 FAC. Stay? That he must not, by no means. SVB. No, Why?  
 FAC. Vnlesse you'll marre all. 'Slight, Hee'll suspect it.  
 And then he will not pay, not halfe so well.  
 This is a trauell'd Punque-Master, and do's know  
 All the delayes : a notable hot Raskall,  
 And lookes, already, Rampant. SVB. S'death, and *Mammon*  
 Must not be troubled. FAC. *Mammon*, in no case!  
 SVB. What shall we do then? FAC. Thinke: you must be sodaine.  
 SVR. *Entiendo, que la Sennora es tan hermosa, que codicia tan*  
*à ver la, como la bien auenturança de mi vida,*  
 FAC. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the Widdow.  
 What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha?  
 And tell her, it is her Fortune. All our venter  
 Now lies vpon't. It is but one man more,  
 Which on's chance to haue her : And, beside,  
 There is no Maiden-head, to be fear'd, or lost.  
 What dost thou thinke on't, *Subtle*? SVB. Who I? Why —  
 FAC. The Credit of our house too is engag'd.  
 SVB. You made me an offer for my share e're while.  
 What wilt thou gi' me, i-faith? FAC. O, by that light,  
 Ile not buy now. You know your doome to me.  
 E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; winne her,  
 And weare her, out for me. SVB. 'Slight. I'll not work her then.  
 FAC. It is the common cause, therefore bethinke you.  
*Dol* else must know it, as you said, SVB. I care not.  
 SVR. *Senhores, por que se tarda tanto?*  
 SVB. Faith, I am not fit, I am old. FAC. That's now no reason,  
 Sir.  
 SVR. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*  
 FAC. You heare the *Don*, too? By this ayre, I call,  
 And loose the hinges. *Dol*. SVB. A plague of Hell —  
 FAC. Will you then doe? SVB. Yo' are a terrible Rogue,  
 Ile thinke of this : will you, Sir, call the Widdow?  
 FAC. Yes. And Ile take her too, with all her faults,  
 Now, I doe thinke on't better. SVB. With all my heart. Sir.  
 Am I discharg'd o' the lot. FAC. As you please. SVB. Hands.  
FAC.

# The ALCHEMIST.

FAC. Remember, now, that, vpon any change,  
You neuer claime her. SVB. Much good ioy, and health to you  
Sir.

Marry a Whore ? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch, first.

SVR. *'Por estas horas a's barbas.* SVB. He sweares by his beard,  
Dispatch, and call the Brother too. SVR. *Tengo duda, Senhores,*  
*Que no me hagan alguna traycion.*

SVB. How, Issue on ? Yes, *prasto Senhor.* Please you

*Entratha* the *Cuambratha*, worthy *Don* ;

Where if it please the *Fates*, in your *Bubada*,

You shall be sok'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,

And scrub'd, and fub'd, deare *Don*, before you goe.

You shall in faith, my scurue Babie n *Don* ;

Be curried, claw'd, flaw'd, and raw'd, indeed.

I will the heartlier goe about it now,

And make the Widdow a Punke, so much the sooner,

To be reueng'd on this impetuous *Face* :

The quickly doing of it is the grace.

## ACT. 4. SCENE. 4

FACE. KASTIL. DA : PLIANT. SVBTLE. SVRLY.

Come Lady : I knew, the Doctor would not leaue,  
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

KAS. To be a *Comtesse* say you ? FAC. A *Spanish Comtesse*, Sir,

PLI. Why ? is that better then an *English Comtesse* ?

FAC. Better ? Slight, make you that a question, Lady ?

KAS. Nay, she is a foole, Captaine, you must pardon her.

FAC. Aske from your Courtier, to your Innes of Court-man,

To your mere Millaner ; They will tell you all

Your *Spanish* Iennet is the best Horse. Your *Spanish*

Stoupe is the best Garbe. Your *Spanish* Beard

Is the best Cut Your *Spanish* Ruffes are the best

Weare. Your *Spanish* *Pann* the best Daunce.

Your *Spanish* titillation in a Gloue

The best Perfume. And, for your *Spanish* Pike,

And *Spanish* Blade, let your poore Captaine speake.

Here comes the Doctor. SVB. My most honor'd Lady,

For

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

For so I am now to stile you, hauing found  
 By this my *scheme*, you are to vndergoe  
 An honourable fortune, very shortly.  
 What will you say now, if some — *FAC.* I ha' told her all, *Sir.*  
 And her right worshipfull Brother, here, that she shall be  
 A *Countesse*: doe not delay 'hem *Sir.* A *Spanish Countesse.*  
*SVB.* Still, my scarfe Worshipfull Captaine, you can keepe  
 No secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,  
 Doe you forgiue him, and I doe. *KAS.* She shall doe that, *Sir.*  
 I'll looke to't, 'tis my charge. *SVB.* Well then. Nought rests  
 But that she fit her Loue, now, to her fortune.  
*PLI.* Truly, I shall neuer brooke a *Spanish*. *SVB.* No?  
*PLI.* Neuer, lin' *eighty eight* could I abide 'hem.  
 And that was some three yeare afore I was borne in truth.  
*SVB.* Come, you must loue him, or be miserable:  
 Choofe, which you will. *FAC.* By this good rush, perswade her,  
 She will cry Straw-berries else, within this twelue-month.  
*SVB.* Nay, Shads, and Muckrell, which is worse. *FAC.* Indeed, *Sir?*  
*KAS.* Gods lid, you shall loue him, or Ile kick you. *PLI.* Why?  
 Ile doe as you will ha' me, Brother. *KAS.* Doe,  
 Or by this hand I'll maull you. *FAC.* Nay good *Sir.*  
 Be not so fierce. *SVB.* No my enraged Child,  
 She will be rul'd. What when she comes to tast  
 The pleasures of a Countesse, to be courted —  
*FAC.* And kist, and ruffled — *SVB.* I, behind the hangings.  
*FAC.* And then come forth in pompe — *SVB.* And know her  
 State —  
*FAC.* Of keeping all th' Idolaters o'the Chamber  
 Barer to her, then at their prayers — *SVB.* Is seru'd  
 Vpon the knee — *FAC.* And has her Pages, Huishers.  
 Footmen, & Coaches — *SVB.* Her six Mares — *FAC.* Nay eight —  
*SVB.* To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*,  
*Be's'lem*, the *China-Houses* — *FAC.* Yes, and haue  
 The Citizens gape at her, and praise her Tires,  
 And *My-Lords* Goose turd bands, that rides with her.  
*KAS.* Most braue! By this hand, you are not my Suster,  
 If you refuse. *PLI.* I will not refuse, Brother.  
*SVB.* *Que es esto Senhores, que non se venga?* *Esta*

# The ALCHEMIST.

*Esta tardanza me mata!* FAC. It is the Count come.

The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.

SVB. *En Gallania Madama, Don!* Gallantissima!

SVR. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada*

*Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*

FAC. Is't not a gallant language that they speake?

KAS. An admirable language! Is't not French?

FAC. No Spanish, Sir. KAS. It goes like Law-French,  
And that, they say, is the Courtliest language. FAC. List Sir.

SVR. *El Sol ha perdido su lumbré, con el*

*Resplandor, que trae esta dama. Valgame dios!*

FAC. He admires your Sister. KAS. Must not she make curtsy?

SVB. Ods will, she must goe to him, Man; and kisse him:

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women

To make first court. FAC. 'Tis true he tels you, Sir:

His Art knowes all. SVR. *Por que no se acude?*

KAS. He speaks to her, I thinke? FAC. That he do's Sir.

SVR. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

KAS. Nay, see: she will not vnderstand him. Gull.

Noddy. PLI. What say you Brother? KAS. Alfe, my Suster,

Goe kisse him, as the Cunning man would ha' you.

I'll thrust a pinne i' your buttocks else. FAC. O, no Sir.

SVR. *Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigna es la*

*Alle gar à tanta Hermosura.*

FAC. Dos he not vse her brauely? KAS. Brauely, i-faith!

FAC. Nay he will vse her better. KAS. Doe you thinke so?

SVR. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*

KAS. Where do's he carry her? FAC. Into the Garden, Sir,

Take you no thought, I must interpret for her.

SVB. Giue *Dol* the word. Come my fierce Child. Aduance,

Wee'll to our quarrelling Lesson againe. KAS. Agreed.

I loue a Spanish Boy, with all my heart.

SVB. Nay, and by this meanes, Sir, You shall be Brother

To a great Count. KAS. I, I knew that, at first.

This match will aduance the House of the *Kastrils*.

SVB. 'Pray God your Sister proue but pliant. KAS. Why,

K

Her

## The ALCHEMIST.

Her name is so, by her other Husband. SVB. How!  
KAS. The Widdow *Plaint*. Knew you not that? SVB. No faith Sir,  
Yet, by erection of her *Figure*, I get it.  
Come, let's goe practise. KAS. Yes, but doe you thinke, Doctor.  
I e'er shall quarrell well? SVB. I warrant you.

### ACT. 4. SCENE. 5.

DOL. MAMMON. FACE. SVBTLE.

FOR after *Alexanders* death—MAM. Good Lady—  
DOL. That *Perdiccas* and *Antigonus* were slaine,  
The two that stood, *Seleuc*, and *Ptolomee*—  
MAM. Madame. DOL. Made vp the *two legs*, and the *fourth Beast*.  
That was *Gog-North*, and *Egypt-South*: which after  
Was call'd *Gog Iron-leg*, and *Senib Iron-leg*—MAM. Lady—  
DOL. And then *Gog-horned*. So was *Egypt*, too;  
Then *Egypt Clay-leg*, and *Gog Clay-leg*—MAM. Sweet Madame.  
DOL. And last *Gog-Dust*, and *Egypt-Dust*, which fall  
In the last linke of the *fourth Chaine*. And these  
Be *Starres* in Story, which none see, or looke at—  
MAM. What shall I doe? DOL. For, as he sayes, except  
We call the *Rabbins*, and the *Heathen Greekes*—  
MAM. Deare Lady. DOL. To come from *Salem*, & from *Athens*,  
And teach the people of great *Britaine*—FAC. What's the matter,  
Sir?  
DOL. To speake the tongue of *Eber*, and *Tanai*—MAM. O,  
Sh'is in her fit. DOL. We shall know nothing—FAC. Death, Sir,  
We are vndone. DOL. Where, then, a learned Linguist  
Shall see the antient vs'd communion  
Of *Vowels*, and *Consonants*—FAC. My Master will heare!  
DOL. A Wisedome, which *Pythagoras* held most high—  
MAM. Sweet honorable Lady. DOL. To comprise  
All sounds of voices, in few markes of *Letters*—  
FAC. Nay you must neuer hope to lay her now.

DOL:



# The ALCHEMIST.

DOL And so we may arrive by *Talmud* skill,  
And profane *Greeke*, to raise the building vp  
Of *Helens* house, against the *Ismaelite*,  
King of *Thegurma*, and his *Habergions*  
Brimston, blew, and fire; and the force  
Of King *Abaddon*, & the Beast of *Cistim*:  
Which *Rabbi David Kimchi*, *Onkelos*,  
And *Aben-Ezra* doe interpret *Rome*.

FAC. How did you put her into't? MAM. Alasse It  
Of a sift *Monarchy* I would erect,  
Which the *Philosophers stonoe* (by chance) And she  
Falls on the other foure straight. FAC. Out of *Brough*  
I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth. MAM. Is't best?  
FAC. She'll neuer leaue else. If the old man heare her  
VVe are but *faces*, *Ashes*. SVB. VVhat's to doe there  
FAC. O, we are lost. Now she heares him, she is quiet

MAM. Where shall I hide me? SVB. How! What sight is here?  
Close deedes of Darknesse, and that shunne the light!  
Bring him againe. Who is he? What, my Sonne?  
O, I haue liu'd too long. MAM. Nay good, deare Father,  
There was no vniclast purpose. SVB. Not, and flee me,  
When I come in? MAM. That was my Error. SVB. Error?  
Guilt, guilt, my Sonne. Giue it the right Name. No maruaile,  
If I found check in our *great Worke* within,  
When such affayres as these were managing.  
MAM. Why, haue you so? SVB. It has gone back this halfe houre:  
And all the rest of our *lesse Workes* stand still.  
Where is the Instrument of wickednesse,  
My lewd false Drudge? MAM. Nay good Sir blame not him.  
Beleeue me, 'twas against his Will, or Knowledge.  
I saw her by chance. SVB. Will you commit more sinne,  
T'excuse a Varlet? MAM. By my hope, 'tis true Sir.  
SVB. Nay, then I wonder lesse, if you, for whom  
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heauen:  
And loose your fortunes. MAM. Why Sir? SVB. This will hinder  
The *Werke*, a Month at least. MAM. Why, if it doe,  
What remedie? but thinke it not, good Father:  
Our purposes were honest. SVB. As they were,  
So the reward will proue. How now! Aye me.  
God, and all Saints be good to vs. What's that?  
FAC. O Sir, we are defeated: all the *Workes*  
Are blowne in *fumo*. Euery Glasse is burst.  
Fornace, and all rent downe: as if a Bolt  
Of thunder had beene driuen through the house.  
Retorts, Receiuers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,  
All strooke in shiuers. Help good Sir. Alasse,

K 2

Coldnesse,

## The ALCHEMIST.

Coldnesse, and Death inuades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,  
Do the fayre offices of a man. You stand,  
As you were readier to depart, then he.  
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come. *MAM.* Ha, *Lungs*?  
*FAC.* His Coach is at the dore. Auoid his light,  
For hee's as furious, as his Sitter is mad.  
*MAM.* Alasse! *FAC.* My braine is quite vndone with the fume, Sir,  
I ne'er must hope to be mine owne man againe.  
*MAM.* Is all lost, *Lungs*? Will nothing be preferu'd,  
Of all our colt? *FAC.* Faith, very little, Sir.  
A peck of coales, or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.  
*MAM.* O my voluptuous minde! I am iustly punish'd.  
*FAC.* And so am I, Sir. *MAM.* Cast from all my hopes—  
*FAC.* Nay, certainties Sir. *MAM.* By mine owne base affections.  
*SVB.* O the curst fruits of vice, and lust! *MAM.* Good Father,  
It was my sinne. Forgiue it. *SVB.* Hangs my rooffe  
Ouer vs still, and will not fall, O Iustice,  
Vpon vs, for this wicked man! *FAC.* Nay, looke, Sir,  
You grieue him, now, with staying in his sight:  
Good Sir, the Noble man will come too, and take you,  
And that may breed a *Tragedy*. *MAM.* I'll goe.  
*FAC.* I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,  
For some good penance, you may ha' it, yet  
A hundred pound to the Boxe at *Be'lem*. *MAM.* Yes.  
*FAC.* For the restoring such as ha' their wits. *MAM.* I'll do't.  
*FAC.* He send one to you to receiue it. *MAM.* Doe.  
Is no *Proiection* left? *FAC.* All flowne, or stinkes, Sir.  
*MAM.* Wil naught be sau'd, that's good for med'cine, thinkst thou?  
*FAC.* I cannot tell Sir. There will be, perhaps,  
Something, about the scraping of the Sharden,  
Will cure the Itch, though not your itch of minde, Sir,  
It shall be sau'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,  
This way, for feare the Lord should meet you. *SVB.* *Face*.  
*FAC.* I. *SVB.* Is he gone? *FAC.* Yes, and as heauily  
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his bloud.  
Let vs be light, though. *SVB.* I, as Balls, and bound  
And hit our heads against the rooffe for ioy.

There's

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

There's so much of our care now cast away.

FAC. Now to our *Don*. SVB. Yes, your yong Widdow, by this time

Is made a *Countesse*, *Face* : Sh' has beene in trauaile

Of a yong Heyre for you. FAC. Good, Sir. SVB. Off with your case,

And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom should,

After these common hazards. FAC. Very well, Sir.

Will you goe fetch *Don Diego* off the while?

SVB. And fetch him ouer too, if you'll be pleas'd Sir :

Would *Del* were, in her place, to pick his pockets now.

FAC. Why you can do it as well, if you would set to't.

I pray you proue your vertue. SVB. For your sake, Sir.

### ACT. 4. SCENE. 6.

SVRLY. Da : PLIANT. SVBTLE. FACE.

**L**ady, you see into what hands, you are false ;  
 Longst what a Nest of villaines ! and how neare  
 Your honor was t'haue catch'd a certaine clap  
 (Through your credulitie) had I but beene  
 So punctually forward, as Place, Time,  
 And other circumstance would ha' made a man.  
 For yo' are a handsome woman : would yo' were wife, too.  
 I am a Gentleman, come here disguis'd,  
 Onely to finde the Knaueries of this *Citadell*,  
 And where I might haue wrong'd your honor, and haue not,  
 I claime some interest in your loue. You are,  
 They say, a Widdow, rich : and I am a Batcheler,  
 Worth naught. Your fortunes may make me a man,  
 As mine ha' preferu'd you a woman. Thinke vpon it,  
 And whether, I haue deseru'd you, or no. PLI. I will, Sir.  
 SVR. And for these Household-Rogues, let me alone.  
 To treat with them. SVB. How doth my noble *Diego* ?  
 And my deare *Madame*, *Countesse* ? Hath the *Count*  
 Beene courteous, Lady ? liberall ? and open ?  
*Donzell*, me thinkes you looke melancholike,  
 After your *Cousin*, and scurvy ! True-ly,  
 I doe not like the dulnetle of your eye :  
 It hath a heauy cast, 'tis vpside *Downe*,

And

## The ALCHEMIST.

And say's you are a lumpish Whore-master.

Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

SVR. Will you, *Don Baud*, and Pick-purse? How now? Reele you?

Stand vp Sir, you shall finde since I am so heauy,

I'll gi' you æquall weight. SVB. Help, Murder. SVR. No Sir.

There's no such thing intended. A good Cart,

And a cleane Whip shall ease you of that feare.

I am the *Spanish Don*, that should be colliened,

Doe you see? colliened. Where's your Captaine *Face*?

That parcell-Broker, and whole-Baud, all Raskall.

FAC. How, *Surlly*! SVR. O, make your approach, good Captaine.

I'haue found, from whence your Copper Rings, and Spooones

Come now, wherewith you cheate abroad in *Tauernes*.

'Twas here, you learn'd t'annoint your boote with *Brimstone*,

Then rub mens Gold on't, for a kinde of touch,

And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,

That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,

Your sooty, smoaky-bearded Compeere, He

Will clofe you so much Gold, in a Bolts-head,

And, on a turne, conuay (i'the stead) another

With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i'the heate,

And flye out all *in fumo*. Then weepes *Mammon*.

Then swounes his Worship. Or he is the *Fausfus*,

That casteth *figures*, and can coniure, cures

Plague, Piles, and Poxe, by the *Ephemerides*,

And holds intelligence, with all the *Baudes*,

And Midwiues of three Shires. While you send in —

Captaine, (what is he gone?) Dam'sells with child,

Wiues that are barren, or, the waiting-Maide

With the Greene-sicknesse. Nay Sir, you must tarry

Though he be scap't; and answer, by the eares, Sir.

### ACT. 4. SCENE. 7.

FACE. KASTRIL; SVRLY, SVBTLE. DAVGGER.

ANANIAS. Da: PLIANT, DOL.

**W**Hy, now's the time, if euer you will quarrell  
Well (as they say) and be a true-borne Child.

The

## The ALCHEMIST.

The Doctor, and your Sister both are abus'd.

KAS. Where is he? Which is he? He is a Slave

What ere he is, and the Sonne of a Whore. Are you

The Man, Sir, I would know? SVR. I should be loth, Sir,

To confesse so much. KAS. Then you lie, i' your throte. SVR. How?

FAC. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater,

Employd here, by another Coniurer,

That dos not loue the Doctor, and would crosse him

If he knew how — SVR. Sir you are abus'd. KAS. You lie,

And 'tis no matter. FAC. Well said, Sir. He is

The impudent 'st Raskall — SVR. You are indeed. Will you heare  
me, Sir?

FAC. By no meanes. Bid him be gone. KAS. Be gone Sir, quickly.

SVR. This 's strange! Lady, doe you informe your Brother.

FAC. There is not such a Foyst, in all the towne,

The Doctor had him, presently: And findes, yet,

The *Spanish Count* will come, here. Beare vp, *Subtle*.

SVB. Yes Sir, he must appeare, within this hower.

FAC. And yet this Rogue, would come, in a disguise,

By the temptation of another Spirit,

To trouble our Art, though he could not hurt it. KAS. I,

I know — Away, you talke like a foolish Maurther.

SVR. Sir, all is truth, she says. FAC. Doe not belecue him, Sir:

He is the lying 'st Swabber. Come your wayes, Sir.

SVR. You are valiant out of Company. KAS. Yes, how then Sir?

FAC. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knowes him,

And all his tricks. Make good what I say, *Abel*,

This Cheater would ha' collen'd thee o'the Widdow.

He owes this honest *Druggier*, here, seuen pound,

He has had on him, in two-peny'orths of *Tabacco*.

DAV. Yes Sir. And he hath damn'd himselfe three termes, to  
pay me.

FAC. And what do's he owe for *Lotium*? DRV. Thirty shillings, Sir:

And for six Syringes. SVR. *Hydra* of villany!

FAC. Nay, Sir you must quarrell him out o'the house. KAS. I will

Sir, if you get not out o' doores, you lie,

And you are a Pimpe. SVR. Why this is madnesse, Sir,

Not

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

Not valure in you: I must laugh at this.

KAS. It is my humor: you are a Pimpe, and a Trig,  
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixote*.

DRV. Or a *Knigh* o' the *curious coxcombe*. Doe you see?

ANA. Peace to the Household. KAS. He keepe peace, for no man.

ANA. Casting of Dollers is concluded lawfull.

KAS. Is he the Constable? SVB. Peace *Ananias*, FAC. No, Sir.

KAS. Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a *Whit*,

A very *Tim*. SVR. You'll heare me Sir? KAS. I will not.

ANA. What is the Motiue. SVB. Zeale, in the yong Gentleman,

Against his *Spanish* flosps. ANA. They are profane,

Leud, superstitious, and idolatrous Brecches,

SVR. New Raskals! KAS. Will you be gone, Sir? ANA. Auoid  
*Sathan*,

Thou art not of the light. That Ruffe of pride,

About thy neck, betrays thee: 'and is the same

With that, which the vncleane Birds, in *seventy-seven*,

Were seene to pranke it with, on diuers coasts.

Thou look'st like *Antichrist*, in that leud hat.

SVR. I must giue way. KAS. Be gone Sir. SVR. But ile take

A course with you — ANA. Depart, proud *Spanish Fiend*.

SVR. Capitaine, and Doctor. ANA. Child of perdition. KAS. Hence  
Sir.

Did I not quarrell brauely? FAC. Yes indeed Sir.

KAS. Nay and I giue my minde to't, I shall do't,

FAC. O you must follow Sir, and threaten him tame.

Hee'lli turne againe else. KAS. I'll re-turne him, then.

FAC. *Druggier*, this Rogue preuented vs, for thee:

We' had determin'd, that thou shouldst ha' come,

In a *Spanish* sute, and ha' carried her so; and he

A Brokerly slaue, goes, puts it on him selfe.

Hast brought the Damask? DRV. Yes Sir. FAC. Thou must borrow,

A *Spanish* suite. Hast thou no credit with the Players?

DRV. Yes Sir, did you neuer see me play the Foole?

FAC. I know not *Nab*. Thou shalt, if I can help it.

*Hieronimo's* old Cloke, Ruffe, and Hat will serue:

He tell thee more, when thou bringst 'hem, ANA. Sir, I know

The

## The *ALCHE MIST*.

The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies  
 Vpon their Actions : And that this was one  
 I make no scruple. But the holy *Synode*  
 Haue beene in prayer, and meditation, for it.  
 And 'tis reueald no lesse, to them, then mee,  
 That casting of Money is most lawfull. SVB. True.  
 But here, I cannot doe it, if the House  
 Should chance to be suspected, all would out.  
 And we be lock'd vp, in the Tower, for euer,  
 To make Gold there : (for th' state) neuer come out.  
 And, then, are you defeated. ANA. I will tell  
 This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,  
 That the whole *Company* of the *Separation*  
 May ioyne in humble prayer againe, (SVB. And fasting.)  
 ANA. Yea, for some fitter place. The Peace of minde  
 Rest with these walles. SVB. Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.  
 FAC. What did he come for ? SVB. About casting *Dollers*,  
 Presently, out of hand. And so, I told him,  
 A *Spanish* Minister came here to spie  
 Against the Faithfull — FAC. I conceiue. Come *Subtle*,  
 Thou art so downe vpon the least disaster !  
 How wouldst tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out ?  
 SVB. I thank thee *Face*, for the Angry Boy, i-faith.  
 FAC. Who would ha' lookt, it should ha' beene that Raskall ?  
*Surly* ? He had dy'd his beard, and all. Well, Sir,  
 Here's Damask come, to make you a suite. SVB. Where's *Druggier* ?  
 FAC. He is gone to borrow me a *Spanish* habite,  
 Ile be the *Count*, now. SVB. But where's the Widdow ?  
 FAC. Within, with my Lords Sister : *Madame Dol*  
 Is entertaining her. SVB. By your fauour, *Face*,  
 Now she is honest, I will stand againe.  
 FAC. You will not offer it ? SVB. Why ? FAC. Stand to your word,  
 Or — Here comes *Dol*. She knows — SVB. Yo' are tyrannous still.  
 FAC. Strict for my right. How now, *Dol* ? Hast told her,  
 The *Spanish Count* will come ? DOL. Yes, but another is come,  
 You little look'd for. FAC. Who's that ? DOL. Your Master :  
 The Master of the House. SVB. How *Dol* ? FAC. She lies.

L

This

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

This is some trick. Come leaue your *Quiblers, Dorothee*.

*DOL.* Looke out, and see. *SVB.* Art thou in earnest? *DOL.* 'Slight  
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.

*FAC.* 'Tis he, by this good day. *DOL.* 'T will proue ill day,  
For some on vs. *FAC.* We are vndone, and taken.

*DOL.* Lost, I am afraid. *SVB.* You said he would not come,  
While there dyed one a Weeke, within the Liberties.

*FAC.* No: 'twas within the Walls. *SVB.* Was't so? Cry' you mercy:  
I thought the Liberties. What shall we doe now, *Face*?

*FAC.* Be silent, not a word, if he call, or knock.

I'll into mine old shape againe, and meet him,  
Of *Jeremie*, the Butler. I' the meane time,

Doe you two pack vp all the goods, and purchase,  
That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll keepe him

Off for to day, if I cannot longer: And then

At night, Ile ship you both away to *Ratchffe*,

Where wee'll meet to morrow, and then wee'll share.

Let *Mammon's* Brasse, and Peuter keep the Cellar:

Wee'll haue another time for that. But, *Dol*,

'Pray thee goe heate a little water, quickly,

*Subtle* must shaue me. All my Captaines beard

Must off, to make me appeare smooth *Jeremy*.

You'll do 't? *SVB.* Yes Ile shaue you, as well as I can.

*FAC.* And not cut my throte, but trim me? *SVB.* You shall see, Sir.

### ACT. 5. SCENE. 1.

LOVE-WIT. NEIGHBOURS.

**H**As there beene such resort, say you? *NEI. 1.* Daily, Sir.

*NEI. 2.* And nightly, too. *NEI. 3.* I, some as braue as Lords.

*NEI. 4.* Ladies, & Gentlewomen. *NEI. 5.* Citizens Wiues.

*NEI. 1.* And Knights. *NEI. 6.* In Coaches. *NEI. 2.* Yes and Oyster-  
women.

*NEI. 1.* Beside other Gallants. *NEI. 3.* Saylors Wiues. *NEI. 4.* *Ta-*  
*bacco-men*.

*NEI. 5.* Another *Pimlico*. *LOV.* What should my Knaue aduance,  
To draw this company? He hung out no Banners  
Of a strange Calfe, with five legs, to be scene?

Or



# The *ALCHEMIST*.

Or a huge Lobstar, with six clawes? NEI. 6. No Sir.  
 NEI. 3. We had gone in, then, Sir. LOV. He has no guift  
 Of Teaching i'the nose, that ere I knew of!  
 You saw no Bilset vp, that promis'd cure  
 Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? NEI. 2. No such thing, Sir.  
 LOV. Nor heard a Drum strooke, for Babouns, or Puppets?  
 NEI. 5. Neither Sir. LOV. What deuise should he bring forth now?  
 I loue a teeming wit, as I loue my nourishment.  
 'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,  
 That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding:  
 I left him nothing else. If he haue eate 'hem,  
 A plague o' the Moath, say I. Sure he has got  
 Some baudy Pictures, to call all this Ging;  
 The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*  
 Of the Knights Courser, couering the Parsons Mare;  
 The Boy of six yeare old, with the great thing:  
 Or 't may be, he has the fleas that runne at Tilt,  
 Vpon a Table, or some Dog to Daunce?  
 When saw you him? NEI. 1. Who Sir, *Jeremie*? NEI. 2. *Jeremie*  
 Butler?  
 We saw him not, this mont'h. LOV. How! NEI. 4. Not these fiue  
 weekes, Sir.  
 NEI. These six weekes, at the least. LOV. Yo' amaze me, Neigh-  
 bours.  
 NEI. 5. Sure, if your Worship know not where he is,  
 Hee's flit away. NEI. 6. Pray God, he be not made away.  
 LOV. Ha? It's no time to question, then. NEI. 6. About  
 Some three weekes since, I heard a dolefull cry,  
 As I sate vp, a mending my wiues stockings.  
 LOV. This's strange! that none will answer! Didst thou heare  
 A cry, saist thou? NEI. 6. Yes Sir, like vnto a Man  
 That had beene strangled an hower, and could not speake.  
 NEI. 2. I heard it too, iust this day three weekes, at two a clock  
 Next morning. LOV. These be miracles, or you make 'hem so!  
 A man an hower strangled, and could not sp'ake,  
 And both you heard him cry? NEI. 3. Yes, downward, Sir.  
 LOV. Thou art a wise fellow. Giue me thy hand, I pray thee.

# The ALCHEMIST.

What trade art thou, on ? NEI. 3. A Smith, and't please your  
Worship.

LOV. A Smith ? Then, lend me thy help, to get this dore open,

NEI. 3. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my tooles —

NEI. 1. Sir. Best to knock againe, afore you breake it.

## ACT. 5 SCENE. 2.

LOVE-WIT. FACE. NEIGHBOURS.

I Will. FAC. What meane you Sir ? NEI. 1. 2. 4. O. Here's *Jeremie* !

FAC. Good Sir, Come from the dore. LOV. Why ? what's the  
matter ?

FAC. Yet farder, you are to neare, yet. LOV. Y<sup>e</sup> the name of wonder,  
What meane the fellow ? FAC. The Houle Sir, has beene visited.

LOV. What ? with the Plague ? stand thou thē farder. FAC. No, Sir,  
I had it not. LOV. Who had it then ? I left

None else, but thee i<sup>t</sup> the house. FAC. Yes, Sir. My Fellow,

The Cat, that kept the Buttry, had it on her

A weeke, before I spied it : But I got her

Conuay'd away i<sup>t</sup> the night. And so I shut

The house vp for a Month -- LOV. How ! FAC. Purposing thē, Sir :

T<sup>h</sup> haue burnt Rose-vinegar, Triackle, and Tarre,

And, ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' knowne it :

Because I knew the Newes would bur afflict you, Sir.

LOV. Breath lesse, and farder off. Why this is stranger !

T he Neighbors tell me all, here, that the Dore

Have still been open. FAC. How Sir ? LOV. Gallants, Men, and

Women,

And of all sorts, tag-rag, beene seene to flock here

In threaues, these ten weekes, as to a second *Hogs-den*,

In daves of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*. FAC. Sir.

Their wisedomes will not say so. LOV. To day, they speake

Of Coaches, and Gallants ; one in a *French-hood*,

Went in, they tell me : and another was seene

In a Velvet Gowne, at the windore. Diuerse more

Pass in and out. FAC. They did passe through the dore then,

Or walls, I assure their Eyclights, and their Spectacles ;

For here, Sir, are the keyes ; and here haue beene,

In this my pocket, now, about twenty dayes,

And

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

And for before, I kept the Fort alone, there.  
 But that 'tis yet not deepe if the afternoone,  
 I should belceue my Neighbours had scene double  
 Through the Black-pot, and made these apparitions:  
 For, on my faith to your Worship, for these three weekes  
 And vpwards, the dore has not beene open'd. *LOV.* Strange!  
*NEI. 1.* Good faith, I thinke I saw a Coach! *NEI. 2.* And I too,  
 I'lld ha' beene sworne! *LOV.* Doe you but thinke it now?  
 And but one Coach? *NEI. 4.* We cannot tell, Sir. *Jeremy*  
 Is a very honest fellow. *FAC.* Did you see me at all?  
*NEI. 1.* No. That we are sure on. *NEI. 2.* I'll be sworne o' that.  
*LOV.* Fine Rogues, to haue your testimonies built on!  
*NEI. 3.* Is *Jeremy* come? *NEI. 1.* O yes, you may leaue your tooles,  
 We were deceiu'd, he saies. *NEI. 2.* He has had the keyes;  
 And the dore has bin shut these three weeks. *NEI. 3.* Like enough.  
*LOV.* Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. *FAC.* *Swrly* come!  
 And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.  
 (How shall I beate them off? What shall I doe?)  
 Nothing's more wretched, then a guilty conscience.

### ACT. 5. SCENE. 3.

*SVRLY. MAMMON. LOVE-WIT. FACE. NEIGHBOVRS,  
 KASTRIE. ANA. TRIBVLATION. DAPPER. SVBTLE.*

**N**O Sir, He was a great Phisitian. This,  
 It was no Baudy-house: But a meere *Chancell*.  
 You knew the Lord, and his Sister. *MAM.* Nay good *Swrly* —  
*SVR.* The happy word, *Berub* — *MAM.* Play not the Tyranne —  
*SVR.* Should be to day pronounc'd, to all your friends.  
 And where be your Andirons now? And your Brattle Pots?  
 That should ha' beene Golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?  
*MAM.* Let me but breath. What! They ha' shut their dores,  
 Me thinks. *SVR.* I, now, 'tis *Holiday* with them. *MAM.* Rogues,  
 Coseners, Impostors, Baudes. *FAC.* What meane you, Sir?  
*MAM.* To enter if we can. *FAC.* Another mans house?  
 Here is the Owner, Sir. Turne you to him,  
 And sneake your businelle. *MAM.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?  
*LOV.* Yes, Sir. *MAM.* And are those Knaues, within, your Cheaters?

L 3

LOV.

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

LOV. What Knaues? What Cheaters? MAM. *Subtle*, & his *Lungs*.

FAC. The Gentleman is distracted, Sir. No *Lungs*

Nor Lights ha' beene seene here these three weekes, Sir,

Within these dores, vpon my word. SVR. Your word,

Groome arrogant? FAC. Yes Sir, I am the House-keeper,

And know the keyes ha' not beene out o' my hands.

SVR. This's a new *Face*! FAC. You doe mistake the house, Sir.

What signe was't at? SVR. You Riskall! This is one

O' the Confederacie. Come let's get Officers,

And force the dore. LOV. Pray you stay, Gentlemen.

SVR. No, Sir, wee'll come with warrant. MAM. I. and then,

We shall ha' your dores open. LOV. What means this?

FAC. I cannot tell Sir. NEL. 1. These are two o' the Gallants,

That we doe thinke we saw. FAC. Two o' the Fooles?

You talke as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,

I thinke the *Moone* has cras'd' hem all. (O me,

The angry Boy come too? Hee'll make a noyse

And nere away till he haue betrayed vs all.)

KAS. What Rogues, Baudes, Slaues, you'il open the dore anone.

Punque, Cocatrice, my Suster. By this light

I'll fetch the Marshall to you. You are a Whore,

To keepe your Cattle. FAC. Who would you speak with, Sir?

KAS. The budy Doctor, and the Cosening Captaine,

And *Pos* my Suster. LOV. This is something, sure!

FAC. Vpon my trust, the dores were neuer open, Sir.

KAS. I haue heard all their tricks, told me twice ouer,

By the fat Knight, and the leane Gentleman.

LOV. Here comes another. FAC. *Ananas* too?

And his *Paster*? TR4. The dores are shut against vs.

ANA. Come forth, you Seed of Vipers, Sonnes of *Belial*,

Your wickednesse is broke forth: Abomination

Is in the House. KAS. My Suster's there. ANA. The place,

It is become a Cage of vnclane birds.

KAS. I. I will fetch the Scauenger, and the Cunstable.

TR1. You shall doe well. ANA. Wee'll ioyne to weede them out.

KAS. You will not come then? Punque, Deuise, my Suster?

ANA. Call her not Sister, She is a Harlot, verily.

KAS.

## The ALCHEMIST.

KAS. I'll raise the street. LOV. Good Gentlemen, a word.  
ANA. *Sathan*, auoide, and hinder not our zeale.  
LOV. The world's turn'd *Bei'lem*. FAC. These are all broke loose,  
Out of *S. Katherine's*, where they vse to keepe,  
The better sort of Mad-folkes. NEI. 1. All these Persons  
We saw goe in, and out here. NEI. 2. Yes, indeed Sir.  
NEI. 3. These were the Parties. FAC. Peace, you Drunkards, Sir,  
I wonder at it! Please you, to giue me leaue  
To touch the dore, I'll try and the Lock be chang'd.  
LOV. It mazes me! FAC. Good faith, Sir, I beleeue,  
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *Deceptio visus*.  
Would I could get him away. DAP. Mr. Captaine. Mr. Doctor.  
LOV. Who's that? FAC. (Our Clarke within, that I forgot) I know  
not, Sir.  
DAP. For Gods sake, when will her *Grace* beat leasure? FAC. Ha! I  
Iliusions, some spirit o' the ayre: (His gag is melted,  
And now he sets out the throte.) DAP. I am almost stifled —  
(FAC. Would you were altogether.) LOV. 'Tis i' the house.  
Ha! Lift. FAC. Beleeue it Sir, i' the ayre. LOV. Peace, you —  
DAP. Mine Aunts *Grace* dos not vse me well. SVB. You Foole,  
Peace, you'll marre all. FAC. Or you will else, you Rogue.  
LOV. O, is it so? Then you conuerse with spirits,  
Come Sir. No more o' your tricks, good *Jeremy*,  
The truth, the shortest way. FAC. Dismitte this rabble, Sir.  
What shall I doe? I am catch'd. LOV. Good Neighbours,  
I thanke you all. You may depart. Come Sir,  
You know that I am an indulgent Master:  
And therefore conceale nothing. What's your med'cine,  
To draw so many seuerall sorts of wild-foule?  
FAC. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit.  
But here's no place to talke on't i' the street.  
Giue me but leaue, to make the best of my fortune,  
And onely pardon me th' abuse of your House.  
It's all I begge. I'll help you to a Widdow,  
In recompence, that you shall gi' me thanks for,  
Will make you seauen yeeres yonger, and a rich one.  
'Tis but your putting on a *Spanish* Cloake,

I haue

# The *ALCHEMIST*.

I haue her within. You neede not feare the House,  
It was not vilited. *LOV.* But by me, who came  
Sooner then you expected *FAC.* It is true, Sir.  
*Pray you forgive me.* *LOV.* Well : Let's see your Widdow.

## ACT. 5. SCENE. 4.

*SVRTLE. DAPPER. FACE. DOL.*

**H**OW ! ha' you eaten your gag ? *DAP.* Yes faith, it crumbled  
Away i' my mouth. *SVB.* You ha' spoil'd all then. *DAP.* No,  
I hope my Aunt of *Faery* will forgive me.  
*SVB.* Your Aunt's a gracious Lady, but in truth  
You were to blame. *DAP.* The fume did ouercome me,  
And I did do't to stay my stomack. 'Pray you  
So satisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Capitaine.  
*FAC.* How now ! Is his mouth downe ? *SVB.* I, he has spoken !  
*FAC.* (A poxe, I heard him, and you too.) Hee's svndone, then.  
I haue beene faine to say, the House is haunted  
With Spirits, to keepe Churle back. *SVB.* And hast thou done it ?  
*FAC.* Sure, for this night. *SVB.* Why then triumph, and sing  
Of *Face* so famous the precious King  
Of present wits. *FAC.* Did you not heare the coyle,  
About the dore ? *SVB.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.  
*FAC.* Shew him his Aunt, and let him be dispatch'd :  
I'll send her to you. *SVB.* Well Sir, your Aunt her *Grace*,  
Will giue you audience presently, on my sure,  
And the Capitaines word, that you did not eate your gag,  
In any contempt of her *Highbesse*. *DAP.* Not I, in troth, Sir.  
*SVB.* Here she is come. Downe o' your knees, and wriggle :  
She has a stately prefence Good. Yet nearer,  
And bid *God/ane* her. *DAP.* *Madame.* *SVB.* And your Aunt.  
*DAP.* And my most *Gracious* Aunt, God saue your *Grace*.  
*DOL.* Nephew, we thought to haue been angry, with you :  
But that sweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,  
And made it flow with Ioy, that eb'd of Loue.  
Arise, and touch our velvet Gowne. *SVB.* The Skirts,  
And kisse 'hem. So, *DOL.* Let me now stroke that head,  
*Much, Nephew, shalt thou winne; much shalt thou spend ;*

*A. Such*

## The ALCHEMIST.

*Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou Lend.*

SVB. I, much indeede. Why doe you not thanke her *Grace*?

DAP. I cannot speake, for Ioy. SVB. See, the kinde wretch !

Your *Graces* kinf-man right. DOL. Giue me the *Bird*.

Here is your *Fly* in a Purse, about your neck, Cosen,

Weare it, and feede it, about this day seu' night,

On your right wrist. SVB. Open aveyne, with a Pinne,

And let it suck but once a weeke. Till then,

You must not looke on't. DOL. No. And Kinsman,

Beare your selfe worthy of the blood you come on.

SVB. Her *Grace* would ha' you eate no more *Wol-sack* pies,

Nor *Dagger* Frumenty. DOL. Nor breake his fast,

In *Heauen*, and *Hell*. SVB. Shee's with you euery where.

Nor play with Colster-mongers at *Mum-chance*, *Tray-trip*,

*God make you rich* (when as your Aunt has done it :) but keepe

The *Gallant*'st company, and the best Games. DAP. Yes, Sir.

SVB. *Gleeke* and *Primero*; and what you get be true to vs.

DAP. By this hand, I will. SVB. You may bring's a Thousand  
pound,

Before to morrow night, (if but three Thousand

Be stirring) if you will. DAP. I sweare, I will then.

SVB. Your *Fly* will learne you all Games. FAC. Ha' you done there?

SVB. Your *Grace* will command him no more duties? DOL. No:

But come, and see me often. I may chance

To leaue him three or foure hundred Chests of Treasure,

And some fise thousand Acres of *Faerie Land*:

If he Game well, and comely, with good Gamsters.

SVB. There's a kinde Aunt! Kill her departing part.

But you must sell your forty marke a yeare, now.

DAP. I, Sir, I meane. SVB. Or gi't away. A poxe on't.

FAC. He gi't mine Aunt. He goe and fetch the writings.

SVB. 'Tis well, away. FAC. Where's *Subtle*? SVB. Here. What newes?

FAC. *Druggier* is at the dore, goe take his suite,

And bid him fetch a Parson presently.

Say he shall marry the Widdow. Thou shalt spend

A hundred pound by the seruice. Now, *Queene Dol*,

Ha' you pack'd vp all? DOL. Yes. FAC. And how doe you like

M

The

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

The Lady *Phant*? DOL. A good dull Innocent.  
 SVB. Here's your *Hieronimo's* cloake, and hat. FAC Giue me 'hem.  
 SVB. And the Ruffe too? FAC. Yes, I'll come to you presently.  
 SVB. Now, he is gone about his proiect, *Dol*,  
 I told you of, for the Widdow. DOL. 'Tis direct  
 Against our Articles. SVB. Well, wee'll fit him, Wench.  
 Hast thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?  
 DOL. No, but I will do't. SVB. Soone at night, my *Deli*,  
 When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard,  
 East-ward for *Ratcliffe*, we will turne our course  
 To *Brainford*, Westward, if thou saist the word,  
 And take our leaues of this ore weening Raskall,  
 This peremptory *Face*. DOL. Content. I'am weary of him,  
 SVB. Thou' hast cause, when the Slaue will runne a wiuing, *Dol*,  
 Against the Instrument, that was drawne betweene vs.  
 DOL. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. SVB. Yes, tell her,  
 She must by any meanes, addresse some present  
 To th' Cunning man, make him amends for wronging  
 His Art with her suspicion, send a Ring,  
 Or chaine of Pearle, she will be tortur'd else  
 Extreemely in her sleepe, say, and ha' strange things  
 Come to her, wilt thou? DOL. Yes. SVB. My fine Flitter-mouse,  
 My Bird o'the night; wee'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,  
 When we haue all, and may vnlock the Trunks,  
 And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine —  
 FAC. What now, a billing? SVB. Yes, a little exalted  
 In the good passage of our Stock-affaires.  
 FAC. *Druggier* has brought his Parson, take him in, *Subtle*,  
 And send him back againe, to wash his face.  
 SVB. I will: and shaue himselfe? FAC. If you can get him.  
 DOL. You are hote vpon it *Face*, what ere it is.  
 FAC. A trick, that *Dol* shall spend ten pound a month by.  
 Is he gone? SVB. The Chaplain waites you i'the hall, Sir.  
 FAC. I'll goe bestow him. DOL. Hee'll now marry her, instantly.  
 SVB. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Deare *Dol*,  
 Cosen her of all thou canst. To deceiue him  
 Is no deceit, but Iustice; that would breake

Such



## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Such an inextricable tye as ours was.

DOL. Let me alone to fit him. FAC. Come my Venturers.

You ha' pack'd vp all ? Where be the Trunkes ? Bring forth.

SVB. Here. FAC. Let's see 'hem. Where's the Money ? SVB. Here,

In this. FAC. *Mammon's* tenne pound : Eight score before.

The *Brethrens* mony, this. *Druggers* and *Dappers*.

What Paper's that ? DOL. The Jewell of the waiting Maides,

That stole it from her Lady, to know certaine —

FAC. If she should haue precedence of her Mistresse ? DOL. Yes.

FAC. What boxe is that ? SVB. The Fish-wiues rings, I thinke.

And th' Alewiues single mony. Is't not *Dol* ?

DOL. Yes ; and the whistle, that the Saylor's wife  
Brought you, to know, and her Husband were with *Ward*.

FAC. Wee'll wet it to morrow : and our Siluer-beakers,

And Tauerne cups. Where be the *French* Peticoats,

And Girdles, and Hangers ? SVB. Here, i'th Trunke,

And the Bolts of Lawne. FAC. Is *Druggers* Damaske, there ?

And the *Tobacco* ? SVB. Yes. FAC. Giue me the Keyes.

DOL. Why you the Keyes ? SVB. No matter, *Dol*, because  
We shall not open 'hem, before he comes.

FAC. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed,  
Nor haue 'hem forth. Doe you see ? Not forth, *Dol*. DOL. No ?

FAC. No my Smock-rampant. The right is, my Master  
Knowes all, has pardon'd me, and he will keepe 'hem.

Doctor 'tis true (you looke) for all your Figures.

I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore good Partners,

Both He and She, be satisfied. For here

Determines the *Indenture tripartite*

Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol*, and *Face*. All I can doe

Is to helpe you ouer the wall, o'the backside ;

Or lend you a sheet, to saue your Veluet Gowne, *Doll*.

Here will be Officers presently ; bethinke you,

Cf some course sodainly to scape the Dock,

For thether you'll come else. Harke you, Thunder.

SVB. You are a precious fiend ! OFF. Open the dore.

FAC. *Dol*, I am sorry for thee i-faith. But hearst thou ?

It shall goe hard, but I will place thee somewhere:

M 2

Thou

# The ALCHEMIST.

Thou shalt ha' my Letter to Mr<sup>s</sup> *Anna*. DOL. Hang you —  
 FAC. Or *Madame Impersall*. DOL. Poxe vpon you, Rogue,  
 Would I had but time to beate thee. FAC. *Subtle*,  
 Let's know where you set vp next; I'll send you  
 A Customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:  
 What new course ha' you? SVR. Rogue, I'll hang my selfe  
 That I may walke a greater duell, then thou,  
 And haunt thee i'the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

## ACT. 5. SCENE. 5.

LOVE-Wit. OFFICERS. MAMMON. SVRLY. FACE.  
 KASTIL. ANANIAS. TRIBVIATION. DRUGGER.  
 Da: PLIANT.

**V** Hat do you mean my Masters? MAM. Open your Dore,  
 Cheaters, Baudes, Coniurers. OFF. Or wee'll breake it  
 open.

LOV. What warrant haue you? OFF. Warrant inough, Sir, doubt  
 not,

If you'll not open it. LOV. Is there an Officer, there?

OFF. Yes, two, or three for failing. LOV. Haue but patience,  
 And I will open it straight. FAC. Sir, Ha' you done?

Is it a Marriage? perfect? LOV. Yes, my Braine.

FAC. Off with your Ruffe, and Cloake then be your selfe. Sir.

SVR. Down with the dore. KAS. 'Slight, ding it open. LOV. Hold.  
 Hold Gentlemen, what meanes this violence?

MAM. Where is this Colliar? SVR. And my Captaine *Face*?

MAM. These day-Owles. SVR. That are Birding in mens purses.

MAM. *Madame Suppository*. KAS. *Doxey*, my Suster. ANA. Locusts  
 Of the foule pit. TRI. Profane as *Bel*, and the *Dragon*.

ANA. Worse then the Graille-hoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.

LOV. Good Gentlemen, heare me. Are you Officers,  
 And cannot stay this violence? OFF. Keepe the peace.

LOV. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom doe you seeke?

MAM. The *Chymicall* Coufoner. SVR. And the Captaine *Pandar*.

KAS. The *Nun* my Suster. MAM. *Madame Rabbi*. ANA. Scorpions,  
 And Caterpillers. LOV. Fewer at once, I pray you.

OFF. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,

By

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

By vertue of my staffe — ANA. They are the vessels  
 Of shame, and of dishonour. LOV. Good zeale, lye still,  
 A little while. TRI. Peace, Deacon *Ananias*.  
 LOV. The House is mine here, and the dores are open:  
 If there be any such persons, as you seeke for,  
 Vse your authoritie, search on o' Gods name.  
 I am but newly come to towne, and finding  
 This tumult 'bout my dore (to tell you true)  
 It somewhat mazed me; till my Man, here, (fearing  
 My more displeasure) told me had done  
 Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house  
 (Belike, presuming on my knowne auersion  
 From any ayre o' the towne, while there was Sicknetie,  
 To a Doctor, and a Capitaine, who, what they are,  
 Or where they be, he knowes not. MAM. Are they gone?  
 LOV. You may goe in, and search, Sir. Here, I finde  
 The empty Walls, worse then I left 'hem, smoak'd,  
 A few crack'd pots and Glasses, and a Fornace,  
 The Seeling fill'd with *Tosses* of the Candle:  
 And *Madame*, with a *Dildo*, wr't o' the wallcs.  
 Onely one Gentlewoman, I met here,  
 That is within, that said she was a Widdow —  
 KAS. I thar's my Sister. I'll goe thump her. Where is she?  
 LOV. And should ha' married a *Spinsie Count*, but he,  
 When he came w't, neglected her so grossely,  
 That I, a Widdower, am gone through with her.  
 SVR. How! Haue I lost her then? LOV. Were you the *Dow*, Sir?  
 Good faith, now, she do's blame yo' extreemely, and sayes  
 You swore, and told her, you had tane the paines,  
 To dye your beard, and vmbre o'er your face,  
 Borrowed a Sute, and Ruffe, all for her Loue;  
 And then did nothing. What an ouer sight,  
 And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!  
 Well fare an old Hargubuzier, yet,  
 Could prime his poulder, and giue fire, and hit,  
 All in a twinkling. MAM. The whole Nest are fledde!  
 LOV. What sort of Birds were they? MAM. A kinde of *Choughes*,  
 Or

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

Or theeuish Dawes, Sir, that haue pickt my purse  
Of Eight-score, and ten Pounds, within these five weekes,  
Beside my first *Materials*; and my Goods,  
That lye i'the Cellar: which I am glad, they haue left.  
I may haue home yet. *LOV.* Thinke you so Sir? *MAM.* I.  
*LOV.* By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwise.  
*MAM.* Not mine owne stuffe? *LOV.* Sir, I can take no knowledge,  
That they are yours, but by publique meanes.  
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'hem,  
Or any formall Writ, out of a *Courts*,  
That you did cosen your selfe; I will not hold them.  
*MAM.* I'l rather loose 'hem. *LOV.* That you shall not, Sir,  
By me, in troth. Vpon these termes they' are yours.  
What should they ha' beene, Sir, turn'd into Gold all? *MAM.* No.  
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?  
*LOV.* What a great losse in hope haue you sustain'd?  
*MAM.* Not I, the *Common wealth* has. *FAC.* I, he would ha' built  
The Citie new; and made a Ditch about it  
Of Siluer, should haue runne with Creame from *Hogsden*:  
That, euery *Sunday* in *Moor-fields*, the Younkers,  
And Tits, and Tom-boyes should haue fed on *gratis*.  
*MAM.* I will goe mount a Turnep-cart, and preack  
The end o'the world within these two months. *Surly*,  
What! in a Dreame? *SVR.* Must I needes cheat my selfe,  
With that same foolish vice of Honesty!  
Come let vs goe, and hearken out the Rogues.  
That *Face* I'll marke for mine, if ere I meete him.  
*FAC.* If I can heare of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,  
Vnto your lodging: for in troth, they were strangers  
To me, I thought 'hem honest, as my selfe, Sir.  
*TRI.* 'Tis well, the *Saints* shall not loose all yet. Goe,  
And get some Carts — *LOV.* For what, my zealous Friends?  
*ANA.* To beare away the portion of the Righteous,  
Out of this denne of Theeues. *LOV.* What is that portion?  
*ANA.* The goods, sometimes the *Orphanes*, that the *Brethren*  
Bought with their Siluer pence. *LOV.* What, those i'the Cellar,  
The Knight, Sir *Mammon* claimes? *ANA.* I doe dese

The

## The *ALCHEMIST*.

The wicked *Mammon*, so doe all the *Brethren*,  
 Thou prophane Man. I aske thee, with what conscience  
 Thou canst aduance that *Nemrod*, against vs,  
 That haue the scale? Were not the Shillings numbred,  
 That made the Pounds? were not the Pounds told out,  
 Vpon the second day of the fourth weeke,  
 In the eight month, vpon the table dormant,  
 The yeare, of the last patience of the *Saints*,  
 Sixe hundred and tenne. LOV. Mine earnest vchement Botcher,  
 And *Deacon* also, I cannot dispute with you,  
 But, if you get you not away the sooner,  
 I shall confute you, with a Cudgell. ANA. Sir.  
 TRI. Be patient *Ananias*. ANA. I am strong,  
 And will stand vp, well girt, against an Host,  
 That threaten *Gad* in exile. LOV. I shall send you  
 To *Amstredam*, to your Cellar. ANA. I will pray there  
 Against thy House: May Dogges defile thy walles,  
 And Waspes and Hornets breed beneath thy roofe,  
 This seat of falschood, and this caue of cos'nage.  
 LOV. Another too? DRV. Not I Sir, I am no *Brother*.  
 LOV. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, doe you talke?  
 FAC. No this was *Abel Drugger*. Good Sir, goe.  
 And satisfie him; tell him, all is done:  
 He stay'd too long a washing of his face.  
 The Doctor, he shall heare of him at *Westcheester*:  
 And of the Captaine, tell him at *Tarmouth*, or  
 Some good *Port-towne* else, lying for a winde.  
 If you can get off the Angry Child now, Sir —  
 KAS. Come on, you Yew, you haue match'd most sweetly, ha' you  
 not?  
 Did not I say, I would neuer ha' you tupt  
 But by a dub'd Boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?  
 'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touse you, now.  
 Death, mun' you marry with a poxe? LOV. You lye, Boy;  
 As found as you: and I am afore-hand with you. KAS. Anone?  
 LOV. Come, will you quarrell? I will feize you, sirrah.  
 Why doe you not buckle to your tooles? KAS. Gods light!  
 This is a fine Old Boy, as ere I saw!

LOV.

## The ALCHEMIST.

LOV. What doe you change your copy now ? Proceede,  
Here stands my Doue : stoope at her, if you dare.  
KAS. 'Slight I must loue him: I cannot choose i-faith,  
And I should be hang'd for't. Sister, I protest  
I honour thee, for this match. LOV. O doe you so, Sir.  
KAS. Yes, and thou canst take *Tobacco*, and drinke, Old Boy,  
I'll giue her five hundred pound more, to her Marriage,  
Then her owne State. LOV. Fill a pipe-full, *Jeremie*.  
FAC. Yes, but goe in, and take it, Sir. LOV. We will.  
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.  
KAS. 'Slight, thou art not Hide-bound, thou art a *lony* Boy !  
Come let's in pray thee, and take our *W off* t.  
LOV. Whiffe in with your Sister, brother Boy. That Master  
That had receiu'd such happineſſe by a Seruant,  
In such a Widdow, and with so much wealth,  
Were very vngratefull, if he would not be  
A little indulgent to that Seruants wit;  
And help his fortune, though with some small straine  
Of his owne candor. Therefore Gentlemen,  
And kinde Spectators, if I haue out-stript  
An old mans grauitie, or strict canon, thinke  
What a yong Wife, and a good Brayne may doe:  
Stretch Ages truth sometimes, and crack it too.  
Speake for thy selfe, Knaue. FAC. So I wil Sir, Gentlemen,  
My Part a little fell in this last *Scene*,  
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am cleane  
Got off, from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,  
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Druggier*, all  
With whom I traded ; yet I put my selfe  
On you, that are my Country : And this Pelfe,  
Which I haue got, if you doe quit me, rests  
To feast you often, and inuite new ghests.

The end.





























UNIVERSITY OF CA. RIVERSIDE LIBRARY



3 1210 01226 1556

by Google

